

Olya Aman

HELLO MOMMY

Forgiveness is the only answer



HELLO, MOMMY

Forgiveness is the Only Answer

Olya Aman

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner.

Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Copyright © 2017 Olya Aman

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Follow me!

<https://olyaaman.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/OlyaAmanMovies>

<https://instagram.com/olyaaman>

https://twitter.com/olya_aman

<https://www.linkedin.com/in/olyaaman>

Contents

1. [Story](#)
2. [About the author](#)

Story

Sveta and Kostya were sure that they could create an ideal family, because they loved each other so much. The history of their relationship was simple and unpretentious. They met at the birthday of a common acquaintance, and immediately felt mutual attraction. After a few months, they got married. They “lived for themselves” a little, and when both turned 24, they decided that children's laughter was lacking in the small apartment that they owned.

When Sveta returned from the OBGYN with confirmation of the development of a little human inside her, there seemed to be no happier people in the world than that married couple. The young woman humbly tolerated all her morning sickness and was just shining with joy. Kostya made repairs in the room, which was to become the kid's room. They bought everything needed: a chest of drawers with a changing table, a crib, and a small bathtub. A stroller, diapers, tiny clothes, and toys - everything was already waiting for a little owner.

Sveta remembered each minute of the Sunday when she felt labor pains. Worrying, Kostya took her to the hospital. After having suffered for 10 hours, she became a mother. Her baby was shown to her for a moment and then transferred to the table a little further to carry out the necessary manipulations. Euphoria from the joyful event filled the woman, and she was ready to sing with happiness, without recalling the pain.

But the real suffering started when the obstetrician told her, while she was still lying in a crucified form on the delivery table:

- "Mommy, the baby will be transferred to the intensive care unit."

- "What's wrong with him?" - Sveta's voice broke when she asked this question.

- "There are small problems, but tomorrow the head doctor will come to your room and tell you everything in detail."

In the morning, Sveta was listening to the doctor, not understanding half of his words. From the whole stream of terms and names of pathologies, she was only familiar with Down's syndrome.

- "You see," - the doctor continued, pronouncing the verdict to the woman, - "such children can successfully pass through socialization, but they need to be looked after their whole lives." - He paused and, carrying out the hardest part of his work, added, - "You can write a refusal."

Embracing her husband, who arrived with flowers, Sveta was crying in the hospital hall, pressing herself against his broad chest. Sobbing, she recounted the conversation with the doctor. Kostya went with her to the office, not wanting to believe in the reality of the nightmare.

After listening to the information, the man jumped up and spoke heatedly:

- "That is nonsense! Perhaps you're mistaken! You're a human, not God. What nonsense are you saying about bones? How can there be no form? Even if that is the case - our baby will recover, you'll see. You say Symptoms of Down. How did you detect them in such a small baby?! Everything will be fine," - Kostya squeezed his wife's arm encouragingly and they left, slamming the door loudly.

The baby was still in the intensive care unit. Sveta visited him to breastfeed. She poured the breast milk into a bottle so that at night the nurses would not give him baby formula. Most of the time she was lying with her face to the wall, trying not to see the happy neighbors in the ward, and kept her silence.

Several more times, the doctors told her, at her request, the prospects for the baby's development. The proposal to abandon her blood-and-soul was blasphemy to the woman and a few days later Sveta and her baby were discharged from the hospital.

The apartment sparkled, but the joy was gone, giving way to anxiety. The baby,

who was called Denis, did not sleep at night, forcing his parents to rock him. He was crying constantly bending his back, and nothing could help to calm him down. The visiting nurse showed her the basics of massage, the pediatrician prescribed some drops, but relief did not come.

Sveta's life turned into running with the baby through hospital corridors, visiting doctors' offices, the swimming pool, churches and even folk healers. Kostya who almost had no time to sleep was trying his best to earn more money. The spouses began to quarrel often because of the child whom they wanted so much. There were a lot of reasons, but there was only one cause - defective, eternally screaming Denis.

Once the quarrel over a cup, which Kostya did not wash turned into a scandal.

- "You're at home all day, and I'm struggling to pay for all these classes, which are of no use. And, in general, it's your fault. The guys told me that the woman is fully responsible for the health of the newborn. Was it difficult to be careful during pregnancy?"

With emotion, he threw the cup on the floor. Sveta was standing and watching the small shards scatter around the kitchen, but what she saw, was her family life breaking apart. The face of the man, whom she used to adore, which was distorted by the anger, began to blur before her eyes. A blissful silence followed. No son's screams, no terrible accusations. Fainting saved her from thinking about her husband's betrayal at the most difficult moment of their lives.

Having wakened up in the hospital, Sveta asked the nurse, who was preparing the syringe:

- "Where is my son?"

An elderly woman answered, piercing Sveta's vein:

- "Both, your son and your husband are in the corridor. They have been here all night. You scared your husband a lot. Should I call him?"

Sveta nodded, having decided to tell Kostya about her desire to divorce, but he began to speak first:

- "Forgive me, my love. I was wrong. Denis is our happiness, whatever he is. We will overcome everything together. You, me and our child."

Tears streamed down Sveta's cheeks, but she was so exhausted that she could not

dry them.

Three years passed. The child grew but was lagging in development, despite all their efforts. Denis could not walk, eat and drink on his own. It was impossible to put him in kindergarten. The couple did not dare to hire a nanny not only because of the fear that the child would be offended - this service was so expensive that it was useless for Sveta to start working. She studied medical articles and could communicate with any of medical luminaries in one language, but nowhere could she find the answer on how to help her son.

Kostya got a second job and was becoming very tired. He began to return home a little drunk more and more often. One day, hanging clothes on the balcony, Sveta heard her husband tell some passerby what grief he had in his family and how much he dreamt that his child could be the same as everyone else. She did not feel that her husband needed Denis. At least he stopped showing it. After work, Kostya ate hastily and went to bed. Sveta used to ask:

- "Kostya, could you at least play a little with your son? Why don't you interest him with some male fun?"

But her husband was inventing a thousand and one excuses to leave home even on his day off. Because of this, quarrels and scandals began again. Their family life turned into a hell: mutual understanding, faith in the future, and hope for happiness all disappeared. And love, having been deprived of the reliance on well-being, began to disappear too. Sveta herself began to fantasize about what would have happened if she had signed a refusal.

Once she and Denis were going home on the bus from the market and felt that the people around them were looking at them with pity. Sveta wiped the drool, which was flowing from her son's half-open mouth. Having plunged into her bitter thoughts, she did not notice that she passed her stop, and the bus was almost empty. Like in a bad dream she got up and left the bus without her child. The woman was walking along the streets with heavy bags for a long time. It was becoming harder and harder on her heart with every step. She was crying, but stubbornly walking home.

Having closed the door behind her, the woman sat down on the floor and cried aloud. Her heart was aching with pain. She had just betrayed her child, having thrown him out like an unnecessary thing. "Lord, forgive me, forgive me, but I could not endure that anymore," - she repeated again and again. A few minutes

later Sveta jumped up and ran to the street from the house, which became so quiet. She did not notice anything or anyone around. She ran to the final destination of buses and began to check every salon. But her Denis was not there. She wanted to ask the drivers, but her voice refused to obey her. Sveta tried to catch her breath and cope with the pain that was spreading from her belly all over her body.

An elderly driver helped her to get up. He understood everything from somehow said inconsistent words “my child, my baby”:

- “Don’t worry, he's all right. He is in the control room. Let's go.”

Sveta ran the distance to the control room in a moment. Without greeting, she ran to her son. He was sitting on a highchair, holding an apple in his hand.

A woman dispatcher with thickly painted eyelashes, who always had an answer for everything, wanted to tell her everything about her deed. She had already had time to discuss the “rubbish, cuckoo and rascal” with the drivers, feeling free to use swear words.

But when she met Sveta with her tearful gaze, her cruelty disappeared. The woman examined the early gray hair, dark circles under Sveta’s eyes and said other words instead of swearing:

- “Our driver Stepanych made this highchair for my grandson, but your boy liked it a lot.”

Sveta grabbed her son and began to whisper some words.

The dispatcher touched her shoulder:

- “One of our guys will drive you straight to your house. Take the chair, let your kid rejoice.”

Sveta never told her husband about the incident and began to make more efforts in the treatment of the boy. It was difficult to say what helped, but Denis's progress was noticeable. Kostya even began to play with him the simplest designer game, to rejoice and talk. But Denis still didn’t have friends among the children. They have never teased him openly, but they have never accepted him in their games either.

14 candles were burning on the birthday cake. But Sveta was feeding her son, feeding each piece of the treat from a spoon herself. The boy walked with

difficulty; his parents helped him in everything. Denis moaned instead of speaking articulately. The main thing for Sveta was that her son learned to say, - "Mommy," which meant that her efforts led to at least some result.

He was not even admitted to a correctional school. The family hired private tutors, but they left one after another, not achieving success with their pupil. Kostya was working, Sveta was sitting with her son and when everyone was already accustomed to such existence, the woman suddenly realized that she was pregnant.

She was the only one who knew how much tears she shed and prayers uttered. Perfectly aware of the age factor risk and presence of the first sick child, she underwent every conceivable analysis. Everything said that she was waiting for an absolutely healthy baby. Taking her family's advice, Sveta and Kostya decided to keep the pregnancy.

The newborn girl seemed to be their reward, a victory over fate. They had no problems with Veronica. She was sleeping at night, cooing happily during the day, sucking breast milk eagerly. Denis and worries over him faded into the background. The boy looked for a long time at his sister, happy mother and sober dad, who came home immediately after work, hurrying to talk to his favorite daughter.

It was impossible to know what Denis was thinking about. Sometimes it seemed to Sveta that he was jealous. He was shouting sounds, which were only clear to him, shouting, - "mommy," - but she was angry that her son might frighten or wake up the little one. Kostya took him to another room and left him alone. Denis was sitting on his favorite chair and looking out the window as if he was waiting for someone.

- "Are you sure he will be all right?" - Sveta asked the director of the social shelter, - "Do you feed the children well here? Please, don't forget to feed him."

Kostya intervened in the conversation, holding Denis's chair out:

- "This is his favorite thing. He sits only on it. We will be coming here once a week to visit him. We have a newborn girl at home and we just cannot cope," - he said, justifying the decision he and his wife had made.

His parents embraced Denis one after another, but he seemed not to understand

that the closest people had just betrayed him.

They came to visit the child after 2 months, not after a week as they promised, but the director said:

- "Denis was taken away. Now he has another life, other parents."

- "How dare you give our child to other people?" - Kostya was indignant.

- "To whom did you give him? Tell me, I'm begging you! We want to take our son back," – Sveta tried to pity the woman.

A strict voice and harsh words took away the hope of seeing Denis.

- "Did you say yours? You refused him when you brought him here. You signed the contract. This is not a resort to leave your child, and then to demand to have him back. I'm sorry. It's too late. They left on Wednesday. He is now even in a different country."

Despite the absence of the sick child, quarrels started in the family again. Sveta used to stand near the window for a long time and cry. Kostya began to drink again.

When Veronica turned 10 years, she became a real beauty. She went out to play with her friends outside. Her father rested on the couch, having returned from work, and her mother cooked dinner.

Suddenly, Veronica entered the apartment with a wooden highchair and sat down at the table. Sveta looked closely and recognized that same chair. The whole story about her son, whom she betrayed twice, flashed in her memory. She was silently looking at it and crying. There could be no mistakes - it was that same chair on which her boy used to love to sit from that fateful day in the control room.

Veronica noticed her mother's gaze:

- "Mommy, why are you crying? A man on the street gave it to me."

Sveta rushed to the door without wiping her hands. There was a slender, handsome guy in a fancy suit. He said smiling:

- "Hello, mommy!"

With his generous heart, the son forgave his parents, who had not overcome the difficult challenge, and returned to his father's house.

About the author

“Once upon a time a reader told me that my past life was filled with books and maritime adventures. I worked in a library on some kind of a cruise ship. Being a visionary child with a boisterous imagination I took it as a clear coin and acted accordingly from that day forward. My subconscious mind told me to read and write, envisioning stories. I followed my calling by writing essays on my favorite literary masterpieces and accompanying them with hesitant childish drawings that caused my writing to flourish with life and movement. Every sentence was vivid with my cinematic prose. This creative work was my secret weapon, helping me to combat the loneliness of my adolescence. It provided me with a treasure-filled-hideaway where I always was able to discover understanding and love through true friendship. Imagination works as a miraculous crystal ball that can tell you what may happen with you in the future. And the greatest gift we have is to be able to paint our futures the way we envision them. Belief is the key to this door where creation becomes visible, and action is the secret magic powder that gives you an ability to touch and feel, breathe and live the reality of this dream-realized life. I live my dream only because I believed in it all my life and every step I made was moving me closer to the very top of the mountain of my life.”

Olya Aman