

Mummy's Little Girl

A heart-rending story of abuse,
innocence and the desperate race
to save a lost child



Jane Elliott

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**Mummy's Little Girl: A
heart-rending story of abuse,
innocence and the desperate
race to save a lost child**

Аннотация

The moving, unforgettable new novel from the author of the bestselling inspirational memoir 'The Little Prisoner' Life was never going to be easy for little Dani Sinclair... On a cold winter's night, a heavily pregnant teenage girl appears at a London hospital. She refuses to give her name, and gives birth to a baby girl. But immediately after the birth, she disappears, leaving the baby alone in the hospital. The child, named Dani after the midwife who delivered her, is put up for adoption. Twelve years later Dani is living with a foster family. A vulnerable and unworldly girl, Dani is an inconvenience and always being blamed for things that aren't her fault. After being wrongly accused of performing an act of petty childish spite, Dani is sent to a children's home. The home is full of difficult children, who bully and victimise Dani. Terrified of both the children and the grown-ups, she runs away. Dani spends several nights on the streets of London, begging for food. When a stranger offers her something to eat and a place

to sleep, she accepts gratefully. But what she does not know is that this man is a brutal pimp who tries to drag Dani into a violent, drug-fuelled world of prostitution. Soon she is plunged into an unimaginable nightmare of abuse that she truly believes will never end. But there is one person out there searching for Dani; one person who has her best interests at heart; one person who will do anything to save her. It's just a matter of whether she can find her in time...

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JANE ELLIOTT

Mummy's Little Girl

A desperate race to save a lost child



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Fact

In the UK alone, a child goes missing every five minutes. Some of these children are found; others become the focus of high-profile media campaigns. A few are never seen again.

Mummy's Little Girl

Prologue

December 1996. London. Evening

The pains had started just after lunch – not that mealtimes meant much in her house.

Had little Hayley Clark known what the sudden rush of water was, the one that had dampened her sheets in the small hours of the morning, she might have known to expect the contractions sometime soon. But she didn't. No one had explained it to her. There had been no visits to the doctor; no scans; no midwives to reassure her or tell her what was likely to happen, or when. It would have been unthinkable to wake her mum and admit that her bed was wet and she didn't know why, just as it would have been unthinkable in the first place to tell her that she thought she was going to have a baby.

It had been five months ago that Hayley had realised she was pregnant, a few weeks after she had met the boys who lived at the other end of the estate. She had left the flat out of necessity that summer's evening – Mum and Dad were shouting at each other, and she didn't know how it would end. The arguments didn't always spill over into her tiny bedroom, but they had happened enough times for her to feel scared to the pit of her stomach whenever she heard raised voices. Strangely it was her mum she feared more than her dad in those situations. Dad would just

shout at her, telling her she was lazy and ugly and why the hell didn't she get out there and find some fucking friends, before stumbling into bed to sleep off the cheap booze. Mum, on the other hand, was more physical: she would pull her long, jet-black hair and hit her. One time she had given her a black eye, and Hayley had to pretend to the teachers at school that she'd been in a fight on the way home. Mum would hurl abuse at her too, but unkind words she could deal with. It was the punches that hurt.

That night back in the summer, she had sensed it would be in her interests to leave the house. They were drunker than usual, for one thing – it was the time of the month when they had more money, so there was no danger of running out of drink. And she had heard them talking about her. Yelling about her, actually. Hayley was only young, but she knew what that meant, and was smart enough to get out of there before things turned nasty for her.

She hadn't needed a coat – it was a warm evening – and so she slipped out of the flat wearing only the same jeans and T-shirt that she always wore, knowing that Mum and Dad would probably not even hear the door. She walked down the concrete stairwell, avoiding the nasty smell that always made her feel a little bit sick, and emerged at the front of the tower block. It was late, but still just light, and little crowds of people were standing around in cliques. Some of them were smoking, some of them were drinking. A lot of them had music blaring from their car stereos.

Hayley didn't like coming out here by herself, especially at this time of night. During the day there was a police presence, but come nightfall even they knew to steer clear of the estate. When they did show up, they tended to ignore most of what was going on. Cleaning this place up was like pushing sand uphill, Hayley had heard a grown-up say once.

It was scary. None of the groups of people seemed to talk to each other; none of them looked as if they *dared* talk to each other. Hayley walked quickly, with her head down, hoping that she wouldn't be noticed.

Hayley was the sort of girl people didn't normally notice. But that was about to change.

A wolf-whistle filled the air. Hayley felt her stomach lurch and she kept her eyes on the pavement as she continued walking, desperately hoping that the whistle hadn't been directed at her. Almost immediately, though, it was followed up by the sound of footsteps, and before Hayley knew what was happening, two boys were standing in front of her.

They were older than her – seventeen, maybe, or eighteen – and Hayley thought she knew their faces. They were definitely the sort of boys she would go out of her way to avoid, but that wasn't saying much: Hayley went out of her way to avoid most people. They both wore baggy jeans and hooded tops; the only thing that really made them look different from each other was that one of them had a tooth missing.

'Where you going?' the toothless one demanded. He chewed

noisily on some gum.

Hayley almost automatically looked down at the ground. She said nothing.

She could sense the two boys grinning at each other. ‘Going to come and hang with us?’ the other boy said. It didn’t sound much like a question.

‘No thanks,’ she mumbled.

But as she spoke, one of them grabbed her arm. She looked around her in alarm, but none of the other groups noticed what was going on; or if they did, they stayed well clear. It was the boy with the full set of teeth who had grabbed her, and his grip was strong. He pulled her over towards where they had been standing, by a car whose four doors were wide open. There were others here, mostly boys, but a couple of girls too, who looked at Hayley with nasty stares. They didn’t say anything, however.

‘Have a drink,’ the toothless boy said to her. He put a bottle of something into her hand.

‘I don’t want to—’ she started to say, her voice trembling slightly.

‘I don’t want to!’ a female voice mimicked from somewhere. Hayley felt her skin flush.

‘Drink it,’ the boy insisted.

Hayley had never drunk alcohol before. She’d heard the other children at school talking about it, of course, talking about how they would get drunk on Friday nights, but she wasn’t popular enough to be invited to their parties; and anyway, she was hardly

likely to touch the stuff, knowing what sort of effect it had on her mum and dad. But as she stood there that night, with these intimidating people standing round and staring at her, she knew that she couldn't say no; so she put the bottle timidly to her lips.

The mouth of the bottle was already wet from somebody else's saliva, and it made Hayley shiver with revulsion. She closed her eyes, though, and tipped the bottle up further. The alcohol was incredibly sweet – a bit like the fizzy drinks she occasionally tasted – and to her surprise she found that she quite liked it. Seconds later, however, the kick of the alcohol hit the back of her throat and she started to cough.

The others laughed, and Hayley felt her skin suddenly burning with embarrassment. But what happened next surprised even her. Ashamed of her inability to handle the drink, she took another pull at the bottle, two hefty gulps. This time she didn't cough, and she handed the bottle back to the toothless boy with a tiny look of defiance. The boy looked at his friend with a smile – a smile Hayley could tell meant something, but she didn't know what. He took a swig at the bottle, and then handed it round.

'What's your name, then, gorgeous?' he said, his accent thick with south London, just like Hayley's.

'Hayley.'

That look again.

'Not seen you around much, Hayley.' A giggle from one of the group.

The alcohol had created a warm feeling in her chest. 'Yeah,'

she said. 'So?' The boldness of her response astonished her.

'So ... you gonna come with us?'

Hayley's eyes flickered up towards the top of the tower block and she felt a sudden thrill of rebellion. Mum and Dad probably still didn't know she'd left; even if they did, they wouldn't care.

'All right,' she said.

The boy grinned. He took her by the arm again, but not so roughly this time, and led her away from the group. His friend followed.

'Where you fucking going?' a voice screeched. It was one of the girls in the little crowd around the car. They stopped and turned round, and Hayley watched as the girl approached the two boys. She was mixed race, and wore tight clothes against her curves which made Hayley feel like the little girl she was, and her lips and nose were pierced.

'Fuck you,' the toothless boy muttered. He pushed her to one side, took Hayley by the arm again and led her off.

'I'll be looking out for you, you little bitch!' the girl called after her, her voice loaded with hate. 'I'll be looking out for you!'

Any other time, Hayley would have been petrified; but on that summer's evening six months previously, with the alcohol doing its work, she felt something different. Carelessness. Recklessness. Whenever she thought back on it, she cringed at her own stupidity.

The boys didn't tell her their names, and she didn't ask. They led her to a different tower block on the south side of the estate,

and into a flat several storeys up. It was a dingy place, but Hayley was used to that – her own home was hardly luxurious. Thick, dirty blankets were pinned up against the windows, and the only light came from a lava lamp on the floor in the corner. There was no furniture – just a few stained mattresses lying here and there, and a selection of blue and green milk crates scattered around instead of chairs. The kitchen area was covered with fast-food packaging, and there was a strange mixture of smells. Rotting food, of course, but also something else. A thick, musty smell.

As soon as they were in the flat, the boy without the missing tooth shut the door; then he collapsed on to one of the mattresses and pulled out a pouch of tobacco and some cigarette papers. Hayley watched as he licked the gummed edges of two papers and stuck them together, before sprinkling some tobacco into the middle. He then removed a small lump of something brown and held it in the flame of a lighter before breaking bits off and crumbling them onto the tobacco. He rolled the cigarette up and lit it; instantly Hayley could tell where that sweet smell came from.

He took a deep drag on the joint, and then passed it to Hayley. Suddenly timid again, she shook her head. A look of annoyance passed the boy's face as he handed the joint to his friend. 'You want another drink?' he asked Hayley.

Not knowing what else to do, Hayley nodded her head.

She didn't see him pour the drink; nor did she question why he was giving it to her in a dirty glass rather than straight out of

the bottle as before. She drank it quickly, hoping it would give her more of the warm feeling that it had done when they were outside.

‘Why you looking at me like that?’ she asked the two boys when she had finished it. They were standing, watching her, as if they were waiting for something. She took another sip of her drink, trying her best to look grown-up.

It was from that moment that she started to lose her memory. She couldn’t remember what was said between them, or what she did; all she knew was that after a little while a terrible sickness hit her, a nausea that seemed to run through her whole body. She felt dizzy, the blood in her veins ran hot and she lost control of her limbs as she fell to the ground.

And falling to the ground was the last thing that she remembered.

When she woke up, her head was pounding, as though someone was beating the inside of her skull. But the pain in her head was nothing compared to the shocking, sinister stabbing she felt in her stomach, as though hot knives were slashing into her. She looked down and saw, to her horror and shame, that the bottom half of her body was naked. She was lying on one of the mattresses; the two boys were on the other side of the room, fast asleep.

She started to tremble with a mixture of sickness, fear and self-loathing. Slowly she sat up, and as she did so she became aware of streaks of blood down her legs.

Her jeans and underwear were lying on the floor near the boys. Wincing with pain, she got to her feet and crept towards them, quiet and terrified, to pick them up. As she started to get dressed, tears came to her eyes; her jeans became tangled as she pulled them on, and the more she struggled, the slower she became. She tried desperately to keep quiet, but she couldn't help a sudden, loud sob escaping her lips.

The toothless boy stirred and drowsily opened his eyes. Hayley froze, her jeans still only halfway up her legs.

The boy leered at her, and then pushed himself up to a sitting position. 'Get over here,' he said.

Hayley felt her body start to shake. She pulled her jeans up over her hips and walked towards him. He grabbed her hand and pulled her down to the floor; she did her best to master another wave of nausea as he took her face roughly in one of his hands. It hurt, and she whimpered. They were face to face now, and she could smell the tobacco on his breath. 'You can come back here any time, bitch,' he whispered. 'But tell anyone and I'll kill you. Understand?'

Terrified, Hayley nodded her head.

'Then get the fuck out of here.'

Hayley fled.

The sickness lasted for several hours, the discomfort in her belly for a few days; the shame endured for much longer than that. Hayley barely left her bedroom for the whole of the school holidays – she was too scared of seeing either the boys or the girl

who had threatened her, and not even the prospect of a beating from her mum was enough to get her to leave the flat.

Hayley was not a worldly girl, but she wasn't stupid. She knew she had been raped that night, probably by both boys. She knew she should tell someone, but there was no one to tell, and anyway, she was scared. Scared of the boys who had done it to her, and scared of what people would think. Much better to forget about it. Pretend it had never happened. Put it from her mind.

But that was not possible.

When her period was late, she ignored the little voice that nagged inside her head. Hayley was only young, and far from regular; it was nothing to worry about. But a week passed, and then two. She started to feel sick. Of course, she kept it from her mum and dad. Mum especially always reacted badly when she said she felt unwell. She didn't go to the doctor, and even if she had had the courage to walk into a pharmacy and ask for a pregnancy test, she had no money to buy one.

And so the pregnancy progressed. Hayley knew she couldn't keep it a secret for ever, but nine months was a long time. Maybe by the time the baby was born, something would have changed in her life.

But it hadn't been nine months. Only five, when once again she slipped out of the flat without her mum and dad knowing. The pains were happening every fifteen minutes, and when they came she felt like doubling over in agony. There was no way she would be able to hide this from her mum, so she had to get out

of there.

It was raining outside, a heavy, cold, persistent rain that saturated her clothes almost immediately. The sun had set, and there was no one outside in this weather – no one to see when Hayley bent over, clutching her belly and crying out. She staggered out of the estate and on to the main road that ran alongside it. There were few pedestrians here, but plenty of cars and buses, their headlamps on as they splashed their way through the rain.

If any of them saw the fifteen-year-old girl, stumbling along the puddle-ridden pavement with a look of unabated agony on her face, they didn't stop to help.

Charity Thomson took the lift down from the maternity ward and walked through the clattering corridors of the hospital to the café by the entrance on the ground floor. She could get coffee on the ward, of course, but sometimes you just had to get out of there, away from the stress and the urgency and the shouting. Fifteen minutes of time to herself and she would, she knew, be re-energised and ready to bring a few more souls into the world.

Charity had been a midwife all her working life – thirty years, near enough. In all that time she had never met a colleague who didn't have some complaint to make about the job – the conditions, the pay, the hours – but Charity had always loved it. There were difficult days, of course; there were deliveries that went wrong, that ended in heartbreak; and she would never be a rich woman. But on the whole Charity felt blessed to be doing

what she was doing.

She bought her drink and took a seat on one of the plastic chairs. It was seven in the evening, but the hospital was still busy, and she watched as people rushed in and out of the large main doors – visitors, doctors, patients – all of them creating a throng of activity. Charity sat quietly for five minutes, absorbing it all in a kind of daydream.

It was the sight of the girl that brought her back to her senses. She was standing in the doorway, her clothes sopping wet and her matted black hair stuck to the side of her face. She was pale – deathly pale – and she looked around her as though she was completely lost and confused. Then she doubled over, her hands clutching the side of her belly. She stayed like that for perhaps twenty seconds. When she straightened up, she looked so scared that it caught Charity's breath.

Charity had been a midwife for long enough to know what those twenty seconds of agony were. She got to her feet and hurried over to where the girl was standing.

‘Come on, love,’ she said, her voice automatically slipping into the kindly bedside manner she used with all pregnant women. ‘Let’s get you upstairs. Can you walk? Best if you do, eh?’

The girl stared at her as though she hadn’t understood a word.

Charity put her arm around the girl’s shoulders and started ushering her in. ‘Look at you,’ she said, carrying on talking brightly. ‘You’re wet through. Sooner we get you out of these clothes and into something dry, the better, eh? Got someone here

with you, have you, love? Baby's father?"

The girl shook her head violently.

'Mum?'

Again she shook her head. Poor dear, Charity thought. It happened like that sometimes. They walked slowly towards the lift.

On the way up to the maternity ward, Charity took a better look at this strange girl with the matted hair and the soaking wet clothes. She seemed young, and her belly was barely swollen. It wasn't so uncommon for that to happen – you might not even have known she was pregnant if you hadn't seen the signs – but Charity couldn't help wondering how far gone she was. 'How many months, love?' she asked as the doors hissed open on to the maternity ward.

'Five,' the girl replied hesitantly.

It was all Charity could do not to let the worry show in her face. She held her security card up to the panel by the entrance door and, when it clicked open, hurried the girl through.

'What's your name, love?' she asked.

No reply.

'How old are you?'

'S-seventeen,' the girl stuttered a bit too quickly. It was obviously a lie, but Charity couldn't worry too much about that just at the moment. Her job was to look after the girl and deliver a desperately premature baby against the odds. Everything else could wait until later.

A nurse was standing at reception. ‘We’re going to need a doctor,’ Charity told her quietly. ‘And make sure there’s room in Special Care.’

The nurse looked at her quizzically.

Five months. Charity mouthed the words silently to the nurse, whose expression immediately changed to one of concern. The midwife nodded meaningfully, and then continued to walk with the girl towards the delivery suite.

Her patient was shaking violently, and Charity knew she wasn’t far off now.

Hayley did not get the chance to hold her baby girl before she was taken away. But she saw her in the hands of the midwife, and she heard the tiny squawk of her little voice. She was so small. So desperately, impossible small – barely larger than the midwife’s hands – and, despite her absolute exhaustion, Hayley felt an overwhelming need to reach out and touch the child. She pushed herself up on to her elbows, but her strength had left her and she could do nothing but look as the baby was placed in a clear Perspex cot and wheeled out of the birthing room.

Then the nice midwife was there, standing by her bed and tightly holding her shaking hand. ‘You can see her in a bit, love. She’s very frail, and we need to take her into Special Care and put her on a respirator. You’re going to have to be very brave, but the doctors will do everything they can to give her the best chance.’

Hayley looked up at her with wide eyes, feeling them brim with tears. She was so kind. Nobody was ever that kind to her,

and she was glad that her baby was being looked after by people like that.

‘Thank you,’ she said.

‘Now listen, love,’ the midwife continued. ‘I *know* you’re not really seventeen. No one here is going to judge you or think the worse of you. All we want to do is look after you and make sure that you and your baby are all right. But we need to know your name, and we need to get in touch with your mum and dad to let them know what’s happened. You do have a mum and dad, don’t you, love?’

Hayley nodded.

‘Good girl.’ The midwife squeezed her hand. ‘Now we don’t have to hurry. I’m going to leave you to rest for half an hour. You need anything at all, you press this button here. When I come back, we’ll go down to Special Care to see your baby, and then we’ll fill in all the pieces of paper that we need to. Then we’ll call your mum and dad. Do you want to do it, or shall I?’

Hayley didn’t answer.

The midwife squeezed her hand. ‘You think about it, love,’ she said with a reassuring smile. ‘I’ll be back in a bit.’ She squeezed her hand a second time, and then left.

Hayley lay there, alone and confused. In the last hour, her world had changed. For months she had been terrified – terrified of what her parents would say and do if they found out the dirty truth about their daughter; terrified of encountering the boys again. Now it was all different. She was still scared, but scared

for a different reason. Scared for her baby. Scared of what would happen when she took her home. Scared of the life she would have.

As these thoughts ran through her head, Hayley wondered whether this was what it was like to be a grown-up.

About five minutes after the midwife had left she summoned up the energy to get out of bed. Her legs felt weak as she steadied herself by the side of her bed, and she was sore from the birth; but she took a couple of tentative steps towards the chair over which her wet clothes had been laid. She took off her stained hospital robes, and with difficulty pulled on the still damp jeans and T-shirt, which were clammy and cold on her skin. Gingerly, she stepped towards the door and out into the corridor.

It was almost midnight, but the maternity ward was still buzzing with activity. Mums in labour walked up and down the corridor, some of them pushing drip stands along with them. Harassed hospital workers rushed in and out of rooms. Nobody paid any attention to a young girl walking unobtrusively past the reception desk and out of the main body of the hospital.

It was a relief for Hayley when she saw that the rain had stopped. If she'd had the money, she would have taken a bus home, but she didn't, so there was nothing for it but to walk. It took an hour and a half to get back to the estate, and by the time she got home, her mum and dad were fast asleep. She crept silently into the bathroom, where she removed her clothes before moistening some tissue and using it to wipe away the stubborn

streaks of blood from her inner thigh. Then she rolled her clothes up into a little ball, returned to her room, climbed into bed and pulled the blankets tightly around her.

As she lay there, waiting for sleep to come, Hayley felt as though a part of her had been torn away. She felt a desperate, gaping emptiness. She felt as though she was no longer whole. Her body ached for the little girl she had only glimpsed for a matter of seconds.

Yet what else could she have done? Bring her back here, to this place? At least now her child had a chance – a chance of life in the hands of the kind doctors, and a chance of happiness in the hands of whoever she ended up with.

A chance of happiness. If she could give her little girl that, then perhaps she wasn't so worthless. It wasn't much to cling on to, but it was something.

A chance of happiness.

The words echoed around Hayley's head as she lay there in her little bed until eventually, overcome with exhaustion and emotion, she slipped into a troubled, dream-filled sleep.

It was a bit more than half an hour after she'd left Hayley that Charity returned to the girl's room. She didn't know why, but somehow she wasn't surprised to see that she was no longer there.

She felt a pang. On some level, she had hoped that maybe she had been getting through to the girl, but now she realised how thoughtless she had been to leave her alone. If anyone needed help, company and security, it was the frightened little thing who

had given birth in that room less than an hour ago. She sighed.

There were procedures in place for this kind of event. Charity immediately informed hospital security what had happened; then the police were called. There would be statements and interviews in due course, but Charity knew it would all be in vain – the girl had not given any information about herself, not even her name. The midwife found herself wondering whether she had come into the hospital intending to abandon her child, but she soon brushed away that thought. Chances were that the girl didn't even know herself. Chances were that she was too scared even to get her childish thoughts together.

Charity did everything that was required of her in a kind of daze. Her shift was supposed to end at midnight, but it was past two o'clock by the time it was all done. Even then, tired though she was, she didn't leave for home. There was something she wanted to do first. She slipped down to the shop on the ground floor. It was empty, apart from the bored, pimply young man behind the counter. Charity couldn't afford much, so she chose the smallest toy she could – a little pink and blue teddy bear, not much bigger than her hand. She paid for it, and then headed back to the maternity suite.

It was never easy going into the Special Care Baby Unit, but tonight's trip was more difficult than most. She walked into the observation room and saw them lined up, those fragile little bundles of life. There were seven of them tonight, all lying in their sterile incubators, their stillness giving no clue to

the desperate struggle each of them was making for their very existence.

The little girl the midwife had delivered lay at the end of the row. She was the smallest of them all, and she lay so still that had it not been for the regular ping-pong of the heart monitor by her side, you might never have known she was alive. A feeding tube had been inserted into her impossibly tiny nose, and a little oxygen mask covered her face. The baby was bathed in the glow of ultra-violet light to prevent jaundice.

How long Charity stood and stared at the child she could not have said. Eventually, though, she was awakened from her dream-like state by a voice.

‘You should go home.’

She turned around. One of the doctors was standing just by her, a quietly spoken Asian man by the name of Sunil, whom she had always found to be very friendly.

‘I just wanted to see how she was getting on,’ she said quietly.

Sunil nodded and gave a sad little smile. ‘Too early to say.’ Charity was pleased that he didn’t offer any platitudes – they both knew that the baby’s life hung in the balance, and it would have been disrespectful of him to pretend that wasn’t the case.

‘Is this the one?’ he asked. ‘The one whose mother left?’

The midwife nodded.

‘Did you deliver her?’

‘Yes,’ she whispered.

‘Well then,’ Sunil continued, ‘as her mother is not here to give

her a name, I think she should be named after the person whose hands brought her into the world, don't you?"

The midwife blinked, and was surprised to feel tears in her eyes. She turned back to the incubator. 'Charity,' she breathed, and then shook her head. No. It wasn't right. 'I don't think so,' she told the doctor. 'This little girl will need enough charity in her life as it is.'

The doctor shrugged. 'That's true,' he said. 'But she needs a name. I think you should choose it.'

Charity's eyes misted over. 'I was pregnant once,' she said. 'Oh, I lost the child. But that didn't stop me giving it a name.' She smiled. 'Dani. That's what we'll call her.'

Sunil put his hand on her shoulder, and then left the observation room. The midwife knew that she too should leave soon, but she allowed herself a couple more minutes with the little girl. It didn't seem right just to leave her. On a whim, she stepped out of the observation room and, checking to see that no one was watching, walked into the Special Care ward itself and up to the little girl's Perspex cot. She lay the soft toy she had bought on the clear cover – no doubt it would be removed by a doctor, but she didn't know what else to do with it. It lay there as floppy and seemingly lifeless as the baby herself.

'Just get through this, my little love,' she found herself whispering to the child. 'Just get through this. Nothing you'll ever have to do in your life will be nearly as hard if you can just get through this.'

She drew a deep breath and did her best to steady the emotion that was suddenly threatening to overcome her.

‘Keep fighting, little Dani,’ she breathed.

She did her best to smile at the baby, who didn’t even know she was there; then she turned and left the ward, closing the door quietly behind her.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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