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## Every Day Is Mothers Day

by Nancy Bertenshaw

‘Oh Happy Day!’ sang Amy, loudly. The acoustics were great in the tiny bathroom and Amy had one of those beautiful, soulful Caribbean voices. The sperm donation had worked!

None of that coupling stuff, just straight forward. She wrapped the little indicator stick in loo paper and put it in the bathroom bin.

‘I’m a mother! Every day is mothers’ day....’ Amy was clever at writing songs. She would work that one up later.

At the sperm bank, Amy had chosen carefully. Someone with her interests must help: archaeology, France, bodging and string making. Sure enough there was a person with at least one of those interests, amongst others. No.3578 was chosen. The procedure had been DIY in the privacy of her own home. Costly, possibly, but you only have one life and anyway, what’s the money for? Amy was aware that when the baby was 18 he/she would be allowed to trace the father. ‘So be it,’ thought Amy. She could cross that bridge later.

Amy was adopted. Her adoptive parents were, Anya, ‘round, dominant and Dutch’, (not like ‘Young, gifted and black’) thought Amy and quiet, English, Paul, who loved his old sports car and, unreservedly, the children. Anya was busy having an affair with a young army vicar, in the marines, currently on exercises in Norway. Patient Paul, stood by, knew and watched. He would take Anya back when the affair was over, as it would be, soon enough.

None of that nonsense for me, mused Amy. She had branched out after her archaeology degree at UCL, living alone, earning her own money. She didn't see the 'parents' much now. Peter, her younger 'brother', also adopted, also with Caribbean roots, called round occasionally.

But here she was, pregnant, expecting her very own little one. She would be the perfect mother, friend and confidante. The baby would be hers to cuddle, hers to teach, hers to love. Amy would not give up her baby, as her mother had done. Amy, had, naturally searched for and found her mother. She was a great disappointment, not caring about Amy, even now. Amy had left, disconsolately, Cafe-Caribbean, where they had met. There must be more to life. She would find it, make it happen.

Amy waltzed in to the Spitalfields dig, grinning wildly, happy and positive in her secret knowledge. James, the project manager on site, noticed her transformed appearance. He admired the change.

After work, Amy, unusually, agreed to meet James at a nearby cafe. How they confessed! She even told him her wonderful news; how she had not wanted a relationship.

James agreed and was thoughtful at this point, wondering if..? James explained that he never wanted children or relationships, but had donated to a nearby clinic.

Amy also wondered ..?

Fortunately, James was not the father. But, when the boy was born, James delighted in him. Amy and James forged a firm friendship. Both loved little James, but every day was mother's day.