

Nearly New

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A few days after I returned home from hospital a man came to our door asking if we would like to sell our new baby. He was courteous and not at all pushy. He wrote down a ballpark figure and said I should talk it over with my husband. I know it is impolite to mention money, but the figure he offered was considerable. We are not wealthy people. We have large monthly commitments on the house, the car, two credit cards. We have the additional costs associated with a new baby. That night, my husband and I discussed the matter.

My feeling was that it would be wrong to sell the baby as we were still getting used to it and it to us. My husband agreed, noting also that it was practically new. 'Nobody sells a car straight off the forecourt,' he reminded me.

But over the months to come I questioned our decision.

When the baby woke screaming in the night, fists balled with rage, or when it was overly picky about my cooking, I had my doubts.

One day the man came back to our house. 'Well?' he said gently.

I brought the child to the door, thinking we had a deal. But the man started backtracking, talking about wear and tear and how the thing was no longer new. The figure he eventually suggested was much lower than before and we sent him away empty handed.

'Hush now,' my husband consoled me. 'We can wait.'