

From "Jasim"

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The tension in the courtroom could be cut with an ax. Jasim's eyes met Nathalie's for a moment and she looked away. His heart was pounding in his chest when the judge took her seat. She looked down at her file and then at the two of them.

"This is an extraordinary case. As a matter of fact, I have not tried one like it in all of my thirty years on the bench. Mr. Williamson, I would like to commend you for your courage and bravery to dispute a decision that most men don't take control of. Ms. Pipkins, I have heard exclusive information about your past and for that I am deeply sorry. The law states that we must do what it in the best interest of the child in accordance to the means of both parents. How many weeks are you?"

"Ma'am," Nathalie looked up with tears in her eyes. "Twenty."

"As of February 1, 2012, New York State Legislation passed a bill that states that a woman has until her twenty fourth week of pregnancy to terminate. Ms. Pipkins has stated that she is only twenty weeks pregnant. The parties involved in this case are not married; therefore Jasim Williamson has no legal right to contest Nathalie Pipkins right to abort the unborn child. In the case of Williamson vs Pipkins, I find in favor of the defendant, Ms. Nathalie Pipkins." And she banged her gavel.

Jasim was crushed. Though he clearly understood the risk he was taking he thought he fought well. He was almost sure that he had this thing in the can but it was over then and there. He stormed out of the courtroom, unable to breath.

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Nathalie checked her watch. She had time to make it to the clinic. She couldn't wait to get the moving baby out of her stomach. She climbed in her car and spotted Jasim standing next to his truck, pulling on a Newport. A slight smirk spread on her face, watching his misery. The vein on his forehead was swelling and he looked like he was sweating.

She pulled her car in front of his truck and honked the horn. He rolled his eyes in the distance and threw the cigarette on the ground.

"What do you want?" He asked from where he stood.

"I wanted you to know that you will always have a place in my heart and that I am very sorry."

"Go to hell!" He shouted, pulling open the driver's door.

“Jasim...”

“Go ‘head and kill my baby.” He slammed the door shut.

Nathalie was going to say something else but she wasted enough of her time. Rain started to pour as she sped down the turnpike. She felt the baby kick and move. It was time to rid herself of the thing and she couldn’t be more excited.

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“Nathalie Pipkins. I have an appointment with Dr. Scott.” She flashed her ID.

“Right this way he has everything set up for you.” A nurse showed her to a small room with a clown border. “Get completely undressed and put this on.”

Nathalie’s head was starting to spin. She smiled and took the robe, dropping her bag in the chair. The nurse was still talking but she couldn’t hear what she was saying.

“Ma’am,” the woman touched her on the arm.

Gravity pulled her to the ground and everything went black.