

Eloise, Zander, and Me

by kate gillespie

When I decided to travel the world, the first thing I did was leave my malice behind.

It was going to be a long trip, taken with my daughter at my side.

Because we had little money, we switched from considering traversing over this continent to simply going to stranger places.

It was to be a series of charming trips. Just me, Eloise, and zander her zebra backpack, along for the ride.

When I saw the glow of the city behind us, we stopped on a high hill and sat on the car's hood to behold the shimmering view.

Two fine ladies and one smiling striped horsey toy snuggled together, enjoying the silence after the nightmare of that awful room of relatives.

My blackberry was switched off, and the night sounds and the sweet squeaky snores from my little one lulled me.

I smiled for the first time in months, and rubbed my chapped hands together briskly.

It was getting colder, but I lingered a few precious minutes more.

