

# Flood

*by* Lydia Copeland

My mother's afraid the dog will drown. It's raining and our street is flooding and the dog is standing on top of his doghouse. My mother is pregnant. I can stand beneath her stomach and not even see her face. I watch her from the kitchen window. She's shoeless. She holds her arms out like she's walking a tight rope. The yard and the rain swallow her legs. I feel cold. I want a cookie. Back inside, the dog slips all over the kitchen floor. The hem of my mother's shorts is wet. *You should lie down*, she tells me. I close my bedroom door. I slide on my stomach under the bed and find a red toy car whose doors flip open and a pair of blue handled safety scissors. One day I will take the scissors and cut off all of my newborn brother's hair.

