

The Family Way

by Cindy

Devin leaned over the antique bassinet, admiring the sleeping infant.

Eyes which looked like his brother's were closed now, as Jacob dozed. Fed by his mother and hummed to by his father, his nephew was dreaming the dreams of the innocent.

Uncle Devin wondered what those were, and how far they'd take him.

"So. Will you climb Everest, or fly airplanes?"

He slid a careful finger into the baby's closed fist. Warmth, and an urge to protect flooded him. His brother had everything, and deserved it.

Then, a thought unbidden, and unexpected:

"Is there one like you, waiting for me?"