

The Beginning

by Judith

“What is it?” Father peered at the tiny package pushed into his unwilling hands.

“A baby... I think.” Falcon shrugged. “Don’t know. Found it in the snow up behind St Vincent’s. Chucked away like trash. Almost stepped on it before it cried. Couldn’t figure what else to do. Real cold up there.”

“A baby...” Father muttered incredulously, instinctively drawing the bundle against his chest. “How could anyone throw a baby away?”

“Topsiders...” Falcon dismissed the city-folk above them.

Holding the ragged bundle in one hand, Father drew aside the dirty swaddling covering the baby’s face, and stared in open-mouthed disbelief...