Abigail just had a miscarriage. It was on the way home from dinner. Sam was making her laugh, white toothed in the dusk-light when she felt a pain growing below her chest, a warmth spreading in her jeans. When they got to the house Sam held her to the door. She thought of herself as a child, but the darkness did little to carry her. It took about a month for her body to return to normal, and all that time she never told her sisters. Eventually when she went back to work, her staff had placed a card in her locker. Get well soon. She's loathed at work because Sam buys her designer, clothes she's somehow not worthy of because she can't buy them herself. She hopes they don't know the reason she was away for a while, she already anticipates their judgement.