

I was sitting at my desk when I got a call from my daughter Bailey's school. I picked it up reluctantly, fearing that maybe she got in trouble. After all, she was just a teenager. Plus, what else could it be?

"Hello?" I ask.

"Hi, this is Lucy, the school nurse. Your daughter just fainted and we need you to pick her up." Lucy says.

"I'll be right over." I say, shocked. Why had Bailey fainted? I rush out of the house, snatch my keys, and start my car. The nurse would probably recommend going to the hospital. But Bailey probably just had a headache, right? I pull into the high school's parking lot and park my car. I try to walk into the building, but with each step I take I begin to run a little faster.

"Is she ok?" I ask, bursting open the nurses door.

"Mom!" Bailey groans from the extra bed they kept in case someone needed to lay down.

"Yes, she's fine." Lucy agrees. "But I would recommend going to the hospital just in case." Knew it, but maybe the nurse was right.

"Thank you Lucy, come on Bailey."

"Do we really need to go to the hospital? I'm fine, really." Bailey asks, next to me in the car.

"You heard the nurse, just in case. But you're right, it's probably nothing." We continue to drive, but it's mostly silent the rest of the way. I sigh and pull into the hospital's parking lot. We walk in and Bailey sits down in one of the chairs while I fill out the paperwork. After a little bit a nurse calls for Bailey and I and takes us into a different room. Bailey sits down again while the nurse pulls me over to talk.

"We're sure your daughter is fine, but just in case we would like to run a few tests. But since it is so late and there are quite a few tests, she is going to have to stay the night." The nurse tells me, fiddling with a piece of her hair. I nod at the nurse, telling her I understand and sit back down next to Bailey.

"What did she say?" Bailey asks me.

"She said that they're going to run a few tests and that you're going to have to stay the night. But don't worry, I will be here with you." I tell her, reassuringly.

"Mom." Bailey says, rolling her eyes. But behind that disapproving look of hers, I notice something. It was a hint of fear, I realize. I take a breath and start thinking about something. There wasn't something really wrong with Bailey, was there? I sigh and turn to see that the nurse I had just talked to was coming back with a wheelchair. She wheels it so that it is directly in front of Bailey. Bailey looks at the wheelchair, then back up at the nurse. But the nurse just smiles and says,

"It's for you."

"But I can walk just fine." Bailey says, still confused. But the nurse just keeps smiling with the wheelchair until Bailey finally, but reluctantly, climbs and sits on it.

They were about halfway done with the tests by nightfall, and I was getting really worried. Why were they doing so many tests? Was something really wrong with Bailey? I pull

out a random magazine and pretend to read it, while still wondering what was wrong. I hear the door next to me creak open and see Bailey in the wheelchair.

“Well?” I ask her, nervous for the answer.

“I’m good.” She insists. I put a hand on her shoulder and it stays that way until the technician that was with Bailey for the last test, says that a room was ready.

“Are you sure you’re ok?” I ask her.

“Just a tiny bit of a headache.” Bailey responds.

Half an hour later I am back in my car, driving home. I can’t believe they wouldn’t let me stay there. She was my daughter after all. But I did have to pick up Andrew anyway. But what about Bailey!

“Ugh!” I say to myself. This was so frustrating. I pull into the Montini’s driveway and knock on the door. After a couple minutes Andrew is in the car and we are heading home without Bailey, I sigh again. But before I know it, I am making dinner, for two. Then soon after that I am putting Andrew to bed and lying on my own. Was Bailey really going to be ok? I thought back to all the chores I had done, it certainly had been a real pain, but at least It got my mind off Bailey.

I hurry out to the car, fearing that I had slept in too late. I open the door, turn the key, and wait for the car to start. But it didn’t, I gasp. Really, at a time like this, my car had decided to fail me? I pull out my phone and call Triple A, but it’s no use. They weren’t free for another hour. I pull out my phone again and call Bailey. I rush out words of apologies to Bailey, but she says it's fine. But that still doesn’t stop me from feeling horrible, I was her mother after all. Then I remember something, the Montini’s! They were always there for me when I needed them. I call them and they pick me up. But as we try to get to the hospital, we’re stuck in traffic. It feels like forever before I am finally at the hospital. I rush in and burst through the door to Bailey’s room. I apologize as much as I can, but Bailey just smiles and says,

“Mom.”

“We understand miss, you do not have to apologize. What you’re daughter had was a mere migraine headache.” The doctor says, as my cheeks flush with embarrassment and relief.