

THE CARE AND KEEPING OF A MIRACLE



She lived in loneliness the way some people live near the ocean - close enough to hear it breathe at night.

When she couldn't sleep, she wandered. The empty streets suited her; the darkness demanded nothing. She often found herself in the graveyard.

Here she could believe in miracles - and miracles came to those willing to stand unguarded, arms open, and accept what was offered.

A miracle was born that night.

She found the boy sitting among the stones, silent and unafraid, as if waiting for her. She opened her arms. He smiled and rushed into her embrace.

For weeks she scoured the news. No mention of a missing child. Nothing to suggest he had ever existed. "If no one will name you," she said, "then I will."

Their bond was immediate, their love raw. She would do anything for her son.

The boy was restless. He didn't sleep. He needed to play. She began leaving the window unlocked so he could slip out at night. When he returned in the morning, she cleaned his dirty skin with a damp cloth and burned his blood-stained clothing. She kissed his forehead.

He smiled back at her - her miracle child.

His nocturnal revelry grew more frequent. Whispers spread through town.

She had to protect her son. She followed, watched him play at night. He left a mess, but she cleaned up his toys. She cared for her son as any good mother would.

Still, the rumors grew uglier.

She found a report about a mountain lion attack - a hiker lost his life.

She studied the case, copied every detail. She honed her craft until she could reproduce the results of an animal attack with precision.

She learned the logistics of love – how to simulate claw spacing, bite depth. She became an artist to protect her son.

But his appetites grew and grew.

One evening her son played with a group of children.

Children...

She loved her son, but her heart nearly burst from her chest. Her hands trembled and tears burned her eyes as she cleaned up his mess.

He stood in the shadows, watched his mother work. He smiled at her and she tried to smile back.

A mother must do what is best for her child.

On this night, she locked the window. She swallowed the entire bottle of pills. A lethal dose - enough for them both. She kissed her son's forehead.

He woke hungry. He tested the window - he was trapped. His nocturnal playground denied, but his craving unsated.

She opened her arms to him.

He smiled at her, snarled, then rushed into her embrace.

She received him completely.

Her miracle child.

This was my submission for Round Two of the [NYC Midnight Scary Story Challenge 2025](#).

The story placed 4th in my group, enough for a spot in the final round. Of the 3,600 entrants, only 114 qualified for the finals.

In this round, contestants were tasked with writing a story under 400 words, and each submission was required to include the following:

1. Location: A graveyard
2. Action: Copying
3. Character: An enabler