

## The Head

A woman, carved out of memories of my mother, gave birth to a stillborn son. Though the baby had the body of an infant—helpless, fragile, and withered—it had the head of a full-grown man. The woman held the babe in her arms and tried to nurse it, even though it was dead. As the mother wept hot tears of grief, the newborn suddenly fluttered and revived. The dead tissues had come to life! Uttering a vile curse, the head looked up at the mother and spat in her face. I stood by helplessly while the head continued cursing and spitting. “Brother, dear brother,” I finally cried. “Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, do not treat our dear mother so!” It was only then that I recognized the baby's face as my own.