

What God Hath Wrought
(excerpt)
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Senior Short Fiction

The first little nudges could have been mistaken for bubbles of gas, memories of a curry she'd had for dinner: poking about in her intestines. They didn't make her turn her head away from the bickering couple on TV or force their way into her conscious thought. The early taps could be explained away by a number of gastrointestinal maladies, blamed on poor eating habits, stress, or the powers of her imagination. But what Katie felt the evening before she gave in and made a doctor's appointment could have been described as nothing less than a bona fide kick. It had her staring down at the slight swell of her stomach in a panic. She pressed down on the skin near where she'd felt the movement; it pulsed two times, a Morse Code of sorts, *I am*.