

**BATH TIME**  
a monologue  
by Kris Thompson

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She looks so small in the bathtub. I wash her back where she can't quite reach and then her baby-fine hair, carefully rinsing so I don't get any suds in her eyes. I briefly wonder if I should invest in some no-tears shampoo.

I get her out of the bath and wrap her in a big towel and we sit on her bed quietly while I comb her hair and she dries herself off best she can. She likes her hair braided. One braid down the back.

When she's all braided and dry, I help her with her pajamas. There are small pink buttons in front. I know they'll frustrate her, so I begin buttoning, starting at the top. After the first two buttons I notice she is crying.

"Mom" I say, worried. "Mom. What's wrong?" She looks up at me, through tear filled eyes, and says, "It used to be *me* helping *you* get dressed." "Oh Mom," I say, my heart breaking just a little. I hug her gently. "It's ok. Don't be sad," I whisper in her ear.

After a moment, she looks up at me again and smiles widely, her face a map of wrinkles gathered through her journey of 89 years. "I'm not sad," She says. "I'm happy it's you."

END