

📌 PART.024 – Giggles, Wiggles & Baby-Shower Jingles!

🏠 A House Filled with Preparations

On January 20th, Susie's baby shower day finally arrived. She had spent the past few days meticulously preparing, following the guidance of Tanya. The morning air was crisp, golden sunlight spilling through the sheer curtains, casting warm, dappled patterns onto the wooden floor. A faint chill lingered in the air, but inside, the house was a cocoon of warmth and quiet excitement.

Yet, as Susie stood in the middle of the living room, staring at the carefully arranged decorations, a familiar uncertainty settled in her chest.

- ◆ *Would everything really be okay?*
- ◆ *Would Paul truly be able to come back soon?*
- ◆ *Was she strong enough to do this—to welcome a new life, to navigate the uncertainties that lay ahead?*

The thought flickered for only a moment, but it was enough to remind her that deep inside, she was still walking the fragile line between fear and courage. It had been like this for months—some days, she felt stronger, steadier. Other days, the weight of the unknown crept in again. But now, something had changed. The fear no longer held her still. She could move through it.

A few months ago, she would have never imagined herself standing here, making an announcement like this. Back then, everything had felt uncertain, overwhelming. But today? She felt different. Maybe not fearless, but stronger—ready.

A Call for Reassurance

With a deep breath, she reached for her phone and dialed Tanya.

Susie: "Okay, I think I'm ready to make it happen. It may not be perfect, but it's real."

Tanya's voice on the other end was calm, steady,

grounding. *"That's all that matters, Susie. It's real. And you're ready."*

The baby shower was scheduled for **4:00 p.m.**, and Susie had personally invited Tanya and the others to celebrate. She flipped through her **goal plan book**, the edges slightly curled from days of use, her fingers tracing over the handwritten notes and careful sketches.

Everything she had envisioned felt so close—her dreams, her efforts, her journey. A small, neatly wrapped package sat on the table—her birthday present for the little golden egg. The delicate blue ribbon tied around it fluttered slightly under the air from the ceiling fan.

The Big Surprise!

As the guests gathered, Susie clinked a spoon against her glass, drawing everyone's attention. *"I have something to tell you all,"* she said, her voice carrying both excitement and nervousness.

"I told myself I wouldn't ask the doctor... that I'd wait. But in the end, I couldn't help it!" She took a breath, then grinned. "It's a girl!"

A wave of cheers and laughter filled the room, but almost immediately, Hunter let out a dramatic gasp.

Hunter: "wait, WHAT? A baby SISTER?! But... but... I thought we were getting a baby BROTHER!"

The crowd erupted in laughter as Hunter folded his arms, looking utterly betrayed.

Just then, Grandpa Ken picked up a toy truck from the gift pile, meant for a baby boy, and without missing a beat, handed it straight to Hunter. "Here, kiddo. This one's yours now."

The room burst into laughter again. Hunter sighed, shaking his head dramatically. "Well, I guess I'll just... take good care of it. You know, since the baby won't need it anymore."

The Name Game

As the excitement settled, Susie clapped her hands.

"Now that we know it's a girl, we need a name! Any ideas?"

The guests eagerly chimed in.

Grandma Lucy: *"Something classic, like Marie or Claire!"*

Tanya: *"What about a strong name, like Eleanor?"*

Hunter: *"What about... 'Hunter Jr.'?"*

Everyone: *"NO!"*

Hunter grinned mischievously. *"Okay, okay! What about... Supergirl?"*

Grandpa Ken: *"Or maybe something meaningful, like Florence, after the city?"*

Names flew around the room, each suggestion met with laughter or thoughtful nods. Susie listened, her heart full, knowing that no matter what name she chose, this baby girl was already so deeply loved. But then, as the voices settled, one name caught her

attention. She whispered it softly to herself, feeling something click—like it had been meant to be all along.

A Last-Minute Guest!

Just as Susie was about to thank everyone for coming, the door burst open. "Wait, WAIT! I made it!"

It was Uncle Joe, breathless, dragging a box three times his size. "I got something special for the baby!"

The room fell silent as he pulled out... a miniature drum set.

Hunter gasped. "YES. BEST BABY GIFT EVER!"

Susie blinked. "Uncle Joe... did you just give my newborn a way to make MORE noise?"

Uncle Joe grinned. "Well, gotta train 'em early!"

The room erupted in laughter again.

A Quiet Night of Reflection

Later, in the soft glow of candlelight, Susie stretched and turned to Hunter, who was still sulking slightly.

Susie: (softly) "You know, you're going to be the best big brother."

Hunter sighed. "Yeah, yeah. I guess she'll be kinda cool. But I'm still keeping the truck. Also, I just want to say," he added, standing tall, "I will be setting some RULES for this baby. Rule Number One: She is NOT allowed to touch my comic books. Rule Number Two: No princess stuff in my room. And Rule Number Three—" "—Time for bed, Hunter," Susie cut in, laughing as she ruffled his hair.

The room had fallen quiet. Outside, the wind hummed softly, and the faint glow of the streetlamp painted golden patterns on the ceiling. Susie turned onto her side, her fingers resting gently on the golden egg charm.

From the other room, she heard Hunter mumbling in his sleep. Something about "Supergirl" and "comic book rules." She smiled.

Tomorrow, everything would change. The house would feel different, the air charged with anticipation. But as Susie lay there, listening to the soft rustle of the wind and the gentle rhythm of her breath, she realized—change wasn't something to fear. It was a gift, wrapped in the warmth of love and family. And yet, somehow, she knew—everything would be just right.

The day was perfect, wrapped in love, laughter, and a sprinkle of chaos. And the best was yet to come.

🌿 END OF EPISODE 21 - BUT THE JOURNEY CONTINUES... 🌿