

than was our little Caroline with her covering of membranes.

* * * * *

Time passed on over Caroline's head, she grew at an astounding rate, she stretched her limbs and admired the lanugo which covered her tiny body, and the hair appearing on her head sent her into raptures, so much so indeed that she could not resist calling the attention of the placenta to her beauty.

"I say, Mr. Placenta, do you think my hair is curly?" she asked.

"Straight as pokers, never saw such a sketch in my life," he replied, "besides look at that greasy vernix caseosa all over you, it's a pity you don't wash yourself, you've nothing else to do all day."

Caroline was overwhelmed with indignation, she twisted herself around to face the placenta to give him back as good as he gave; but suddenly he blurted out in a voice of thunder: "Get off the cord." "That's right, you little silly, now get it round your neck," he continued as Caroline twisted and wriggled, trying to disentangle herself.

"You behave more like a performing monkey than a five-month foetus," was his final shot. Caroline, with indignation written on her miniature face, gave the placenta such a look that, if looks could kill, that organ would have fallen off the uterine wall in a hopeless mass in the lower uterine segment; but as luck had it, her glance escaped his notice, and so the catastrophe was averted. With her back turned to her companion, Caroline, too indignant to hold further conversation, began to examine her cord. She had never really taken much notice of this appendage of hers before, but now that she had fallen out with the placenta, she gave it her keenest attention, she extenuated its length, marvelled at its spiral twist, listened to the blowing sound of the blood being pumped through its veins and arteries, felt the whartonian jelly, which formed the cord, and lastly the amniotic covering which she traced slowly back to the placenta, brought back to her mind her recent quarrel with that organ, so she abruptly turned her back on it again, and found interest in examining her finger nails to see how they were progressing.

Time wore on, Caroline developed, her body gradually filled the uterine cavity, her daily gymnastics were curtailed considerably owing to the lack of space. She now spent most of her time working her legs up into the fundus of the uterus, for here she found there was a little more room for movement. Her skin had lost most of its lanugo, and also its wrinkled appearance, due to the increased deposit of fat beneath it.

"Now, Mr. Placenta," she cried one morning, "am I not a lovely baby?"

"Oh, go and stand on your head," was the gruff reply.

Oddly enough Caroline took his advice, not that it was anything new to her, for she spent most of her time in that position, as she found it the most comfortable, and gradually she became so settled that her head became fixed, it sunk into the brim of the pelvis and Caroline was forced to remain in that undignified position, much to the amusement of the Placenta.

"Three weeks to a month," he chuckled to himself.

"Three weeks to a month of what?" asked Caroline.

"Peace and quietness," he replied, at least for me, I'd sooner you were where you are than up here by me. I've had just about enough of your impertinence."

* * * * *

One morning Caroline awoke hurriedly, something had pushed her, she waited a moment hoping to discover the culprit; but without success, but in her own mind she felt sure that the Placenta had had something to do with it. Later on the offence was repeated, and she then realised that the uterine walls were closing gradually down on her, and that with each contraction, her little head was jammed down more firmly, and the resistance which met her, forced her chin down towards her chest. Again and again came those horrible contractions, which annoyed Caroline beyond words, and so frequent were they, that she only had time during the interval to tell the Placenta exactly what she thought of him, before another one would commence and force her head a little further through the cervical canal.

"Good gracious," she cried, between times, "how much more of this;" but thank goodness that bag of membranes is