

# Nursery Mimics

By C. Jade Wyton

*No creature is safer than a baby trusted in the maw of a nursery mimic.*

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This, my friends, is a fact.

Fiercely protective and loyal, a true nursery mimic cannot be bred or bought.

They are not something that is trained or taught.

A nursery mimic is *earned*.

It is a choice made by the mimic; a show of devotion to their family. And many generations of care must be given to these slow-aging creatures before they will ever consider the responsibility.

The mimic must be respected. And it must be deeply loved.

A family must show as much loyalty to their companion as they wish to receive back from it.

Until, one day, the family finds their nursery has two cribs.

It requires trust, *so much* trust, for a mimic to be given care of a newborn.

Something so soft.

Something so fragile.

Something so in need of protection.

The crib-shaped mimics are the perfect caretakers. Better than any babysitter.

They will keep the child safe from all harm; even at the cost of their own life.

Many who have never experienced the love of a nursery mimic think the protection ends as the child gets older.

That the mimic will not care for them into adulthood.

But they're wrong.

*Never.*

A nursery mimic never forgets its children.

No matter how far away they may travel.

No matter the new scents they may carry or the mates they bring home.

No matter how much time has passed. Or how old they become.

No matter how long their ashes sit on the fireplace mantel.

A nursery mimic *never* forgets its children.

—END—

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