

Stay-At-Home Cow

Mark Twain's Language

"I just got in about nine boxes of the design from today."

Molly Sharp told the girls before she opened her coffee.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Duck said. "My girl has been hard, too. The youngsters thought her hair was curled with the pattern."

"Yeah, I can see some working too-galls," Cindy Jackson remarked. "In addition to the egg business, I have a day now for mothers that have to work over from the farm."

Mama Crow started to tell the other women to look under the table. She didn't have a serious job. She wondered if the other ladies would think bad things about her when she was just a mother. She liked to, though. Just that morning she got excited about finding out you could not remember to pick a word. Her horse needed a ribbon. It also made her smile as big when she got compliments from her family on her grass and wheat patch. Misspore, her son, told her it was what helped him get through his day and brother, her daughter, kissed her on the cheek and told her she was the best cook on the farm.



"What about you?" Molly Sharp turned towards her.

"Well..." Mama Crow started. "Oh, well, it's that a little every day!" She tried to distract them with a little white lie. "I will be right back ladies. Let me take this to the counter and get a new drink."

"Here thing," Cindy Jackson said and started telling the ladies about a new headache medicine her husband got her.

Mama Crow walked back up to the counter and ordered a different type of tea from a young girl girl.

"Anything Martha's name?" she asked.

"Yes, I am."

"She tells us all the time what a great name you are. She also let me try your yummy sugar cookies. She's a lucky girl. My name wants a lot for work so we don't get to spend much time together."

"Well you're welcome to come over any time, anytime." Mama Crow took her tea back to the table. She didn't feel embarrassed anymore and told the ladies since she didn't work she had time to make them dinner on Saturday.

They were all grateful for the news and when Saturday came, they had a lovely time. They said many nice things about her house and food and Mama Crow went to bed thinking that being a housewife was the best job of all.