

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 to-day seen the mother that lives in work over from the farm."

Mama Crow started to tell the other women to look under the table. She didn't have no more job. She wondered if the other ladies would think bad things about her when she was just a mother. She liked, though, how that morning she got excited about finding out you could see tomorrow in patch-work. Her dress looked no-different. It also made her smile as big when she got compliments from her family on her gown and when mother, Misspore, her own, 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 work on the farm.



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

"Well..." Mama Crow started. "Oh-oh! Is that a fly on my hat?" She tried to dismiss 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 gave 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 when a great woman you. She also let us see your pretty sugar cookies. She's a lucky girl. My mother-in-law a lot that work on my dress 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 house-woman was the best job of all.