

THE EAVESDRIPPERS

A Humorous Reading

by
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Letty Milliken, forty-nine and unencumbered by matrimony, was busily engaged in what residents of Duncanville were prone to term as “listenin’ in.” Phroney Milliken, equally unencumbered, and entering the fifth decade of her existence, was in the kitchen outlining the routine of the day’s work while she was “doin’ dishes.”

“Seems like I kin talk to you ’til I’m black in the face, Letty Milliken, an’ that’s all the good it does me. If I tole you once, I tole you forty times to put that marble I keep in th’ pantry in th’ bottom of th’ kittle when you stew applesauce, an’ it won’t burn on th’ bottom of th’ pan like this. (Scrapes pan.) But I might jist as well talk to the wind. All you’ve did fer th’ last three days is sit around on th’ sofa, readin’ that book Ella Hooper lent yuh! An’ a novel at that! If you wanta put in time readin’, why don’t you read on somethin’ that’ll improve your mind an’ vocabullery—like th’ almanac? But no! Jist ’cause Ella used to work in a liberry in th’ city, you dawdle away yer time lettin’ her put jittery notions in yer head. Now see if you kin lay that book down long enough to go t’ the post office an’ git th’ mail---Well fer th’—Letty Milliken—you ain’t even managed t’ hold onto th’ brains th’ Good Lord give yuh tuh start out with! You gone an’ poured my starch water I had fixed fer my petticoat over th’ macaroney! Effen a body can’t tell starch from milk—there ain’t no hope for ’em! Letty!! You ain’t heard a word I been sayin’ to you! Now will you put that book down an’ go on an’ get th’ mail like I ast you?”

“Shh, Phroney—I ain’t readin’ a book—”

“You ain’t readin’ a book? What are you doin’ in there then?”

“Shh, Phroney—they’ll hear you.”

“Will you quit shushin’ me, Letty Milliken? Who’ll hear me?”

“Aggie Pritzer—on th’ phone.”

“So that’s what you been doin’, huh? Gabbin’ with Aggie—an’ talkin’ low so’s I can’t hear what yer sayin’! That’s all you’ve did since I had that phone instigated—is stand there rattlin’ off ever’tthin’ yuh know. Now tell Aggie you got work tuh do if she ain’t!”

“Land sakes, Phroney—don’t yell so loud. I ain’t talkin’ to anybody. I’m lissenin’—”

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---