Jatana had her hand over her eyes and she just walked to the stove to warm up the milk. So Melody picked up the white pool and it was slippery, just like water. But she could only reach the lowest peg and so the lace edge of the slip dripped on the floor. And they went to market and scrubbed the floors and washed the clothes and hung them out to dry. They went to bed early, but Jatana could not sleep so she went out to sit on her chair; she spent the night out there. The next morning they went to church and walked through the cloisters. At home Jatana brought out her basket of laces and that afternoon she made her very last doily, for after that she went out with that gentleman who played on the fiddle, and when she had enough money she bought herself a bed which she set up by her chair as the crisp afternoon air filtered through the windows and gently ruffled the hair of the little girl playing on the floor.

Barbara Stein