

Jelly - - 1

I've always loved stories about ideal families. I wanted a mother who got dressed up each morning and served breakfast from the basic food groups I'd learned about in school; ~~she got a mother in blue jeans who set out~~ saw her husband off to work & her children off to school, and ~~then~~ spent the rest of the day ^{baking cookies} ~~visiting~~ neighbors and going to PTA meetings at night. Instead, I got a mother who wore blue jeans and set out pine saplings on our place.

I wanted a daddy who ~~smoked a pipe and read his newspaper in the evenings~~ would get up in the morning & hum softly as he shaved, then go to work at either the school or the courthouse or one of the two stores in Statesville (those were the options in Echols Co., in the fifties) ~~as~~ anything ~~except~~ pulp job was O.K., ~~as~~ as long as it didn't have to do with noisy chainsaws. I got a daddy who hauled pulpwood for a living.

My sister and brother didn't fit the mold of ideal families either. They were noisy, ~~unruly~~ ^{unruly} ~~rebellious~~ ^{they} skipped school. My sister would slap me with greasy wet dishags if I tried to make them help wash the supper dishes. I didn't fight back, but one time I ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~the same~~ ^{the same} my life.

had been buried smack dab in the middle of the ~~the~~ 3
cemetery road leading to her own familiar burial plot.

No berries that day.

Early ~~when~~ ^{in the} the mayhew came in, she would send us out to wade ~~down~~ ^{the} slurs & bannocks ^{near the Alayaska,} behind our house and make us wade in the midst of occasions, gathering red mayhew with nets. On the shore banks high ground, she would shout out orders like a general while we soldiered on into the around suspicious cypress knives with out ^{mesh} nets with handles she'd rigged up herself from ^{blue} nylon net left over from the beauty peasant dress she'd made me. I didn't win so she considered sewing for me a waste of time.

Blackberry, Oh, the blackberry. Nubby thorny in nest of briar with ^{diamondback} rattlesnakes shaking their rattles in the midst. A dry hot sound warning that never deterred Granddaddy. Not if there was a highbush - blackberry bush with ~~in the middle~~ with more black than red ^{or green} berries in the middle. Wade on in there with a forked stick. There had to be laws ~~to~~ ^{against} such abuse of children.

She seemed to be preparing for a winter grocery shortage all summer.

Then she would give away 90% of ~~the~~ jelly to the same people she'd hoodwinked out of blueberry & the ~~grandchildren~~ ^{child} labor she'd used all summer.