

## Rumors Are Flying

-The Andrews Sisters, 1946



The hem of my homemade flour sack dress, wet with dew, swung around my thigh-high, brown cotton stockings. Pressed for time, Mom had not brushed my hair. So my thick blonde mane was a mess of curls. Not caring one bit, I felt my coarse hair, coiling out every which way. Skipping ahead through the treeless brown prairie, I scrambled to the top of a small knoll between our granary house and west to Grandpa and Grandma's place. From there I could plainly see their two-story farmhouse.

That morning Mom had wakened us early. "Up, up, up! Get dressed! I have a surprise for you!" she said.

Gordy was fully dressed and gone by the time I clamored over three-year-old Evie and swung my legs over the side of our metal, paint-chipped iron bed, the only piece of furniture in the attic. It was late December and frigid in our attic bedroom. Cold air crawled through the overhead rafters and along the ceiling. Evie pulled our pieced quilt around her.

When light peeked through the cracks, we heard the clicking sounds—mice scampering to hide. Gordy, now seven, had reminded us the mice had been there first. We had nothing to fear.