

The spinster



Order 247595 Section: submitted: THE SPINSTER In the neighborhood, ladies envy her; men inevitably look at her with cravings. But, all these times she does not pay attention. She is always engrossed with making the most profit out of just anything her hands would touch on. She was once working as an insurance underwriter. And from her earning she bought some jewelry which she resold to her officemates for little profit. That was where and how she raised her much needed capital to add more small time business.

She decided to go agricultural. So, she bought some native male and female chicken for breeding and eventually selling some native eggs in the morning, while keeping some for the hen to hatch and grow some pieces for the kitchen. She added to her stock a female swine which she tended till it was old enough to breed. She was so glad that the swine had sixteen breast nipples because these would indicate it can have many piglets. She had her artificially inseminated.

She must not have imagined a boar over her beast! Alter ego! After few months the beast delivered seven piglets. She was so glad tending the young ones and hoping to sell them at a better price soon. What a profit! Unfortunately, one morning while she was busy tending on her pregnant cattle, a mad dog drop by and bit three of the piglets. Eventually, all the piglets including the mother swine went crazy. It was so horrible for her that at the blink of an eye her capital went crazy and eventually underground with the dead.

But, she did not despair. She still has her chicken and almost skinny, but pregnant cattle. Surely, the cattle delivered another female after a long wait. It certainly meant profit! Happily she goes to fields with plenty of free grass feed for her cattle' every morning, leave them to fodder till the late

afternoons, when she brings them back home and give some water with little salt.

One morning when she was ready to tow the cattle for fodder, the cattle just went crazily jumping around and around that she could not hold its rope for the tug. Ill-fated! What the hell is happening with you! She yelled. Just as a male neighbor passed by and said, they must be bitten by that mad dog yesterday! What the heck! Where is that mad dog I'm going to eat it alive! She is crazy pestering me all the time! She retorted. The man shouted back. Are you crazy

The day after, she came by my front yard to tell me the series of miserable stories. So, I stopped sweeping the dry leaves from the garden and listened with sympathy to her sad accounts. Suddenly, a male dog came right beside her and peed on her leg and skirt! It was a bolt from the blue!

Reference

Knopp, Sherron E. " Elizabeth Fowler, Literary Character: The Human Figure in Early English Writing." *Medium Aevum* 73. 2 (2004): 335+. *Questia*. 26 Oct. 2008