

Trifles by susan glaspell



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

" Trifles" December 5, 2006 Mrs. Wright: I wonder if Mrs. Hale could find everything I asked for. I really need that apron. This one I have on is so dirty and I can't be seen in a dirty apron, what would the townspeople think It's bad enough that I had to leave the house without finishing the cleaning of my kitchen. I hope they don't hold that against me. Really this is not the time to judge my housekeeping skills, but men will be men. They will think there is something wrong with a woman who cannot keep her house clean. I hope my fruit didn't freeze. I spent some long, hot days putting that up, I would hate to waste all that work. Oh dear, I almost forgot I was in the middle of baking bread, I hope Mrs. Hale will get rid of it. After all this time the dough would be tough to use. How could I sleep through somebody strangling John in our own bed Well, I guess it's like I told Mr. Hale " I sleep sound". There's no other answer for it. Unless I actually tell them the truth. That I don't sleep in the same room with John, haven't in years. But that would be unbearable. Just think of what the other folks around here would think of me for telling that. They'd either think it was a lie to protect myself or that I was one bad wife. Either way that coming out at this time would not look good. Plus it's not like I have any way to back it up. John is dead now and he was the only other one who knew about it. This place could use a good cleaning up. No wonder people are always glad to get out of here, whether they are going to another jail or home, it's got to be better than this place. I wonder how long they will keep me in here. I hope not too long. I really need to get home and clean up my house. And now it will be even worse with all those men tracking in and out, not caring about how dirty they get the place. What do they care they don't have to clean it. I bet they'd be a lot more careful if they did. Then they'd understand how hard it is to keep a dusty farmhouse clean.

John never did understand that. Whether it had been raining or snowing or dry or muddy he would tramp in and out causing me a ton of mess to clean up behind him. But I guess it don't matter now. I wonder if they will just let me go without a trial. If they can't find enough evidence, don't they have to I mean can they really prove I killed John I don't think so. I, mean, there is no reason for me to kill my husband. He worked the farm and I took care of the house and so what if we never had kids after the first year of marriage we stopped trying anyways. John was a hard man to live with and now I'm glad we didn't have children. They would never have been safe when John was in one of his moods, which was usually always. He was the most closed mouth man I ever did meet. At first it was nice, not to have to talk and make polite conversation, but after awhile it began to get oppressive. I barely could get him to answer questions about the farm. Lord knows the noise from a child or children would have ended awfully. Just look at my poor little bird. I had him hid in a bird cage in the cupboard and I tried to convince John it must be a bird in the attack but he just wouldn't believe me. I stood there and watched him twist that poor little bird neck and there was nothing I could do to stop him. I just wanted something to keep me company in the house and the bird wouldn't have to much work, it was just a little canary. I hope they don't find that bird. If they do they'll have a reason as to why I would kill John, though the men won't understand the women will. To have a man take complete control of your life and then take away the last thing that matters to you, that is surely justifiable murder. Wouldn't it be Watching John twist that small, helpless birds neck, when that bird was depending on me to protect it, was the last straw. I had to protect that bird from John. I couldn't

just let him get away with harming an innocent bird who did nothing more annoying than sing and keep me company. Could I