Pretty Pearl

Who Lives in the Country

Written by

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Dedicated to Bella Pearl;

the first love of my life.

Pearl lives way out in the country with her Mommy, and her little puppy Call. He is black and has brown ears. He is a cattle dog.

Their home is a big, old stone cottage with ivy running up the walls and flowers hanging from pots.

Every morning, Pearls sits at the sturdy round table, where her Mommy gives her breakfast. She eats strawberry yogurt and toast with butter and jam.

After breakfast, she stands on her stool and helps wash and dry the dishes.

Next, it is time to hang out all of the clothes on the line. Pearl gives them to her Mommy, and her Mommy pins them up all neatly.

Pearl likes the way the sheets look when the sun shines on them, and they pop in the wind. She runs through them and giggles.

Before the sun gets too high in the sky, Pearl helps her Mommy out in the garden. They plant rows and rows of seeds that sprout into tiny green plants. Pearl has her own little set of tools and works alongside Mama. She says, “Wuk Mama. Wuk.” That means “Work Mama, Work.”

In the afternoon she lays down in her big yellow room for a nap. She has pretty pink sheets with flowers on them in an oversized wooden crib. The wind comes in through the old white windows and lulls baby sound to sleep. The mosquito netting around the crib moves gently in the breeze.

In the evenings, they always have guests. Pearl loves it when Aunt Ben, or Aunt Clyde visit. Sometimes her Aunt Kissy drives in from Dallas, or her Big Boss Man is there from town. They always eat good food and drink good drinks and watch the sun set low in the sky.

Bedtime is her favorite time. After the sun goes down her Mama calls it dusk. Pearl lays down in her crib and the coyotes start to yip and howl outside at the moon. But Pearl knows she is safe and sound. She hears the soft sounds of her Mama and Aunt Ben sitting in the living room. They drink wine and giggle and listen to old records.

She looks up at the moon from her window, high in the sky.

She hears the cows and calves outside, lowing softly in the night.

As she drifts off to sleep her Mama looks in on her. “Night Night my Pretty Pearl.”

“Night Night Mama.”