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Old Mrs. Craker

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Old Mrs. Craker

Cover Page Footnote

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“You will have to put your name and address on this as a witness,” he called back to her.

“Yes, yes,” she answered. I walked back and handed it to her. She took it without looking up and began to fill it out. I came back and stood next to the girl.

“In twenty years nothing like this happened before. I don’t think I started the bus too quick.”

“It looked like she had a stroke,” said the young man.

The girl sat down and said, “I think she is dead.”

“Twenty years and this kind of thing never happened before.” The three of us in front filled out our forms and handed them over to the driver. I went back and got the woman’s in the back of the bus. She handed it to me and looked out the window.

The driver opened the back door and told us to get on the bus that had pulled up next to ours. As we drove away, I heard the mechanical wail of an ambulance siren.

OLD MRS. CRAKER

old Mrs. Craker, the widow lady,
rocked gaily in her chair,
laughed a high cackling old lady laugh,
grabbed the jug with both wizened hands,
tilted her old gray head,
and drank like a demon.
setting the jug down again, she laughed some more
in her empty parlour, and swore softly to herself,
that she reasoned, she just reasoned, she could rape
a full grown bear, in under three minutes,
even at eighty-three.
then another artery hardened,
and she soon forgot all about it.

—W. PATRICK POST