

The Gluttonous Wife

There once was a married couple. He was thin - thin. She was fat - fat. Now every afternoon when the husband came home for dinner, the wife would say, "I am not hungry, husband."

"How so?" he would ask.

"That so?" she would answer him.

Yet, with every day that passed by, she would gain another pound or so. At last the husband grew suspicious, and vowed that he would keep a close watch as see what happened while he was away. So one day, instead of going to work, he hid under the house, bored a hole through the floor, and fixed his eye to it.

He had not been long watching when his wife came into the kitchen, took a large bowl, and filled it with bread crumbs. Then she poured a jug of milk over them, added sugar, and ate it all.

"What shall I eat now?" she asked herself. "I am still hungry."

It began to rain, and since she could not go out to the store, she took a dozen eggs, some peppers and tomatoes, and make herself an omelet. Then she sat and ate it. She washed and dried the dishes, and then sat in her rocking chair and fell asleep. When she awoke, the rain was coming down in torrents.

"I cannot go out," she said, "but I am still hungry."

So she went to the chicken coop, killed a chicken and fricasseed it with potatoes and corn, and ate it — bones, sauce and all. Then she prepared a salad for her husband.

In the afternoon the husband came home. "Why, husband," said the wife, "how is it that your clothes are so dry when you work out in the fields and it has been raining all morning?"

And the husband answered. "You see, wife, the drizzle in the field was as fine as the bread crumbs you had for breakfast, and yet I spent the time under a tree whose branches were as broad and wide as the size of the omelet you ate. Had it not been for that, I would have gotten wet as the chicken and rich sauce, which you have just eaten."

The wife hung her head, for she knew that her husband had found her out.

Since that day, she never ate by herself again, but always waited for her husband to come home. And the two of them got fat - fat.

Contributed by John Shipline, ADC Training, Talbot Trail.