

“Now when you say, ‘We don’t know what we’ll [?] out her’ this is a polite lie ... because I know that if I dropped dead or had a stroke, you would get somebody to replace me.

“You think it is a compliment when you say, ‘We don’t think of her as a servant....’ but after I have worked myself into a sweat cleaning the bathroom and the kitchen ... making the beds ... cooking the lunch ... washing the dishes and ironing Carol’s pinafores ... I do not feel like no weekend house guest. I feel like a servant, and in the face of that I have been meaning to ask you for a slight raise which will make me feel much better toward everyone here and make me know my work is appreciated.

“Now I hope you will stop talkin’ about me in my presence and that we will get along like a good employer and employee should.”

Marge! She was almost speechless but she *apologized* and said she’d talk to her husband about the raise.... I knew things were progressing because this evening Carol came in the kitchen and she did not say, “I want some bread and jam!” but she did say, “*Please*, Mildred, will you fix me a slice of bread and jam.”

I’m going upstairs, Marge. Just look ... you done messed up that buttonhole!