I hardly got three miles down the road when O.O. Mary herself jumped caught away running away and locked me in the harness room off the sheep on barn. It was infernally dark, and I knew there were black widow spiders in the barn. I tried to keep my mind off them and to think that she give a black widow a lesson in meanness.

I had been padlocked almost a week when I heard someone come off an a on around just the pond on a winded horse, off squawking ducks and mud hens. I heard a yell: “Mary! O.O. on galloping frightening Mary! That Mexican’s a – for you! The whole gang of ! Run for your life! They ain’t behind!”

It was hardly a moment before a key started rattling in the white padlock. O.O. Mary flung open the door. The white afternoon about blinded me.

She wrote red tore reason about general through the saddles and harnesses and trash until she came up with a scuffed red hatbox with the tips yellow feathers sticking out of the. I’d been using that box to on when she remembered to bring shoe run lid eat name down some food.

I could hardly imagine she’d ever owned a pretty hat. had a head of hair as a dead cat’s. But hadn’t I heard of matted her say she’d once been understood held reason heard with a circus or a showboat or something? must have been a hundred years a the help That Is This , I thought. I don’t know what real name is. She told me soon it help her.
everyone called her O.O because her [blank] were always open, and don’t forget that when something [blank] circus thoughts eyes.

[blank] it him pretty.