

The Weaver's Daughter

To be in service; that word was far too much like servitude for my liking. I looked at this woman; keys of authority around her waist. She was the head of the upstairs and below stairs; those keys gave her power, to hire new staff. My mother had told me all about this woman, how she had worked her way up to this station in her life. I wondered how many years it had taken her? I felt like I was exchanging one tyrant for another tyrant. What a choice; but choose I must; my father or this forbidding woman standing in front of me now, looking me up and down. I avoided her eyes.

My mother too had made a choice. I glanced at my mother now; I was thinking of our small home; the cold wind that roared down the chimney in winter, causing dirty smoke to fill the room, making me cough. I looked down at my dress, shabby, threadbare; clasping my hands together behind my back, I looked down at the floor. Did I really have a choice?

Margaret E Green

inspired by Donna Baker's Book "The Weaver's Daughter"