

Howard

A Montana farmer got in his pickup, drove to a neighboring farm, and knocked at the farmhouse door. A young boy about twelve opened the door.

“Is your dad home?” the farmer asked.

“No sir, he ain’t,” the boy replied. “He went into town.”

“Well,” said the farmer, “is your mom here?”

“No sir, she ain’t here neither. She went into town with Dad.”

“How about your brother, Howard? Is he here?”

“He went with mom and dad.”

The farmer stood there for a few minutes, shifting from one foot to the other mumbling to himself.

“Is there anything I can do fer ya?” the boy asked politely. “I know where all the tools are, if you want to borrow one. Or maybe I could take a message fer dad.”

“Well,” said the farmer uncomfortably, “I really wanted to talk to yer dad. It’s about your brother Howard getting my daughter, Pearly Mae, pregnant.”

The boy considered for a moment. “You would have to talk to Pa about that,” he finally conceded. “If it helps you any, I know that Pa charges fifty dollars for the bull and twenty-five dollars for the hog, but I really don’t know how much he gets fer Howard.”