

## The Story the Milk Told To Me

NARRATOR: Did you have a drink of good, sweet milk this morning? Yes! Well, so did I. And let me tell you the story it told to me as it stood, white and creamy, in the tall glass. You see, just as I was lifting it to my lips, it looked so foaming and fresh, that I said, “Good Milk, do tell me where you came from before the milkman brought you to me?”

The milk bubbled up a little, then settled down quietly and said, “Yes, I will tell you about it. Before the milkman brought me to you, I stood in a bottle, with ever so many other bottles, in a dark, cool ice-box in the milkman’s shop, where we shivered and grew very cold.”

“Then that is what makes you so cold now, is it?” said I.

“Yes,” bubbled the milk. “Well, before I lived in the milkman’s shop, I was swimming around with ever so much other milk in a very large milk-can, out in the country, waiting to be bottled and carried to the city.”

“Oh!” I interrupted, “I didn’t know you came from the country. Do you grow on trees or in the ground?”

The milk laughed so hard and shook so, that it almost spilled itself over on the tablecloth, and I was afraid it would break the glass. As soon as it could speak again it said: “Dear me! Didn’t you know that before I was put in the milk-can I came right from the old Bossy Cow, who stands in the meadow by the river, chewing her cud? But before that, and before I was white, creamy milk as you see me now, I grew tall and green on the river bank. No wonder you look astonished. Yes, I was grass for the old cow to eat.”

“And before you were milk,” said I, as I once more lifted the glass to my lips, “then I won’t say goodbye to you before I drink you, but I will thank the good cow for giving you, and the kind milkman for bringing you to me.”