

“HERE COMES THE BRIDE”

by Kate Boshier

My name is Mary Cary. I live in the Yorkburg Female Orphan Asylum.

Today Miss Bray, She is the Head Chief of this Institution, kept me in for putting something on the blackboard I forgot to rub out. What I wrote was:

“Some people are crazy all the time;
All people are crazy sometimes.”

That’s why I’m up in the punishment room today, and it only proves that what I wrote is right. It’s crazy to let people know you know how queer they are. Miss Bray takes personal everything I do, and she loves to punish me, and it’s a pleasure I give her often.

All my life people have looked down on me, passing me by like I was a Juny bug or a catipillar, and I don’t wonder. I’m merely Mary Cary.

I’m going to marry a rich man. I will try to love him, but if I can’t, I will be polite to him and travel alone as much as possible. But I am going to be rich some day, I am. And when I come back, eyes will bulge, for the clothes I am going to wear will make mouths water, they’re going to be so grand.

In the summer we have much more time than in the winter, and the children keep asking me to make up something, and all of a sudden a play came to mind. I just love acting. The play is to be the marriage of Dr. Rudd and Miss Bray.

You see, Miss Bray is dead in love with Dr. Rudd and whenever he comes to see any of the children, she is so sweet and smiley that we call her, to ourselves, Ipecac Mollie.

She is fifty-three years old, and all frazzled out. But Dr. Rudd, being a man with not even usual sense, and awful conceited, don’t see what we see.

The play was a corker; it certainly was! We chose Friday night because Miss Bray goes to choir practicing. I wish everybody could hear her sing! Gabriel ought to engage her to wake the dead – only they’d want to die again.

I was the preacher, and Lizzie was the bride, and Katie Freeman, who is the tallest girl in the house, was the groom.

We didn't have but two men. They're really not necessary at weddings, except the groom and the minister. Nobody notices them, and, besides, we couldn't get the pants.

If anybody thinks that wedding was slumpy, they think wrong. It was thrilly. And that bride! A graven image couldn't have been more like Miss Bray. She was stuffed in the right places, and her hair was frizzled just like Miss Bray's; and her face was a purple pink, and powdered all over, with a piece of dough above her mouth for Miss Bray's mole.

The groom didn't look like Dr. Rudd. But almost anything will do for a groom. Nobody noticed him.

We were getting on just grand, and I was marrying away, telling them what they must do and what they mustn't do. Particularly that they mustn't get mad and leave each other, and then I turned to the bride:

"Miss Bray, have you told this man you are marrying that you are two-faced and underhanded, and can't be trusted to tell the truth? Have you told him that nobody loves you, and that for years you have tried to pass for a lamb, when you are an old sheep? And does he know that if you were dead, there'd be no place for you? Peter wouldn't pass you, and the devil wouldn't stand you. And, does he know he's buying a pig in a bag, and that the best wedding present he could give you would be a set of new teeth? And ---"

But I got no further, for something made me look up, and there, standing in the door, was the real Miss Bray.

All I said was, "Let us pray!"