

EIGHT BITS MAKE A DOLLAR

"I love this outfit, Mom," said Rae.

"Fourteen trimmings! I'm glad we'll be done soon," said Greta, wiping her brow.

"Just the hem left," said Rae. "If you could live anywhere, where would it be?"

"Maybe Denmark or Sweden," said Greta.

"I'd freeze," said Beth. "How about Hawaii?"

"That's too hot. Pin," said Greta.

"Really, Mom?" asked Beth.

"Rae, turn toward the light. Pin," said Greta.

"Actually, I'd like the heat," said Beth. "And I'd get to scuba dive twice every week."

"The water is pretty deep. Pin," said Greta. "Anyway, I'm too old for that."

"If Aunt Cora can learn, you can make the time too," said Beth.

"Can we have tea later?" asked Rae.

"Let's have it now," said Greta. "Turn on the range. The kind you like best is on the shelf by the ink."

"Got it," said Beth.

"Are you almost done, Mom?" asked Rae.

"Yes," said Greta. "I want to be sure the line is straight because otherwise I'll never see you wear it to school."

"Done!" said Beth. "Should I first strain it through this?"

"Mercy me, already?" said Greta. "I want to get this sewn and pressed soon. And I haven't done a whit of work for dinner. We're having stew."

"My favorite!" said Rae.

"Yes," said Greta, "it's also your father's favorite. Would you get out the ironing board and do the pressing?"

"Mom, can I invite Susie for dinner since we're all done?" asked Rae.

"Sure," said Greta, "she can come over."

"Yay!" said Rae. "Thank you!"