

THE

JUDGE'S

WIFE

The old domestic was bent on exposing Grells' Cropton and Grand in the household



Short Story
By
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YOU MUST hear my story mister. Look at me. I am an old woman and I working for this judge and his big wife for too many years and this morning the boboloops lady watch me and tell me to get out of she house.

She watch me straight in me face and say I too old and she don't want me no more. Outside ol woman, she tell me.

You think that is right, mister. I work so many years and I keeping all them people secrets and the woman just up and fire me so.

I didn't think it woulda happen the amount of things I know bout them. But she feel they too big. I look like little folk. them so who go listen to me.

But I go do for them. I hear you does write anything so I coming by you and if you won't write then I going by them Moko people and get it off my chest. But to tell I have to tell.

I ain't taking that from that old sourface wretch. I don't think she husband does even touch

she again and I think is because he running from she that he catch on to that bottle.

He don't leave the bottle and sometimes when they rowing - and they could row - she tell him that he loving the bottle and he could kiss the bottle.

And another time when they was rowing, she say "You can kiss my ass" and he come serious like a judge and say "That sounds like a better propo-something." - And she pelt a bottle behind him.

But that judge and he wife does live like dog and cat. Fighting and cussing all the time. And she fire me. Mister you want the

story or not. I go do for them today and I don't have time to waste. Oho!

Lissen, I want to tell you how some of them judge an them does live in this country. They does beg and they like pump thing worse than me and you. We poor but them begging for everything from the bread on their table, they does get free. They don't pay for nothing, I tell you.

And if the bread don't come one day, is because the big fat madam ring and saying like if she is a big shot "Baker, you didn't send my bread this morning."

That woman bold-face and she could eat. I believe she eating for the two of them, because he don't eat, you know. Give he a bottle and he spending the whole day with it, like if they put he so.

If they go down town to buy something, when they come back they like real father Christsmas, with one set of thing in the car and is me they calling to put things inside.

But when you come to find out, is because they beg for everything in the stores. They know how to live. They does get thing from Syrians and they know how to beg Syrians.

You think you could print that, mister, how they does bad beg Syrians. I tell you one day they went in town and take some dresses from one of the big Syrian stores and after she and she sister wear them one day each, they send them back to the store to exchange. Don't doubt it.

But even the Syrian man fed up and he send them back saying "It was a gift" and he couldn't change a gift after it had been used.

Them people sir too bold face. They doesn't cook often you know. Every day they trying to see who they could mop. They does live by every body and they don't want nobody to eat by them.

And sometimes, once in a blue moon, they does throw a fete, but not in their house you know. They borrow somebody house down the island on then is bacchanal. Is then I have to work. Whole day the witch on the phone ringing everybody. She calling Grells to send so much meat and she ordering a million and one thing and no money to come. She just saying after she finish "This is the judge's wife" and putting down the phone.

He too in the thing. A big judge like that calling people and saying we having a party down the island and we want to get some whiskey and after a lot of sweet talk he put down the phone and clap his hands together and you know what - whiskey flowing like water after that.

And them people could take bribe. You believe that we could chisel money. I wouldn't lie, sometime I spend two dollars in the market and I tell madam is two fifty and get a little bus fare to go home for the week and

thing. But them. Them does get raise by the hundreds. People does come in cars and leave all kind of fat envelopes for the judge and say: Tell the madam that JJ send that. Be care-ful it's money that I borrowed from her and I am returning it."

Believe me sir, the amount of people say so, they must be money lenders. They does get bribe. And when they come and I hand it to she, they does have big row when he trying to get the money from she.

I hear with my own two ears how they cussing one another about money I just hand she. He shouting that it is he own and She have no right to it and she saying, "the next time you want money, tell them to send it to you."

Believe me, when the people in this country hear bout how some of them judges does live in this country right now, they might get scared.

I believe some of them judge wives should get some judgment themselves but I say to myself that one of these days judgment day will come on them, and you know something I think this one meeting she judgment day now.

Mister that woman mean and cheap and greedy and nasty and she know how to beg. If she beg for some whiskey, is not a glass full nuh but a whole bottle.

If she ask for a Christmas tree, she want the bulbs and all the decoration on it and you go dead if you know the kind of things them does beg for. All that I know.

And this week the insurance people come and ask them about paying National Insurance for me and the bold face lady say they don't have no servant. She say I working for she and I just leave the job. And when they leave she say that she can't afford to pay National Insurance for no servant so I fired.

Fix she up good in the paper, mister, and God will bless you.

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