

The Mailbox

As the county snow plow came by our driveway a repeated sideways snow avalanche hit the rusty tin mailbox with devastating force, resulting in the south side of the mailbox remaining purdy intact, but the north side was crushed so badly that it was no longer rounded at the top but was flat as a pancake, and that's purdy flat. The door was also bent and no longer fit flush, so the mail was often found wet, which Pa didn't mind since it was mostly bills and washing machine advertisements anyways. We had the crick for washing clothes, so we didn't need no machine.

I asked Pa if we was going to get another mailbox ordered from the outhouse Sears and Robuck catalog where I found a picture of one, but he said our old one had character, like us. I didn't rightly know what character is, but I suspected that the truth was we didn't have the two dollars and forty cents Mr. Sears wanted for the shiny new mailbox, but I reckoned it was better to not argry that point with Pa. He liked being right, especially when he was wrong.

Turned out, Pa was right even when he was wrong. The next blizzard was a whiteout blinding the plow driver as he run right over that bent up mailbox and knocked that mailbox and mailbox post all the way to the neighbors farm, which was quite a bit. Pa just nodded and said, "We just saved two dollars and forty cents, and he was right again. You could just ask him.