

Poppa's New Pants

The house was in an uproar. Grandma Tiny had been tearing around all morning like a Texas tornado. Big Mama and Aunt Viney were coming for a visit. Grandma Tiny wanted everything and everyone to look nice when her mother and sister arrived. Poppa and I had beaten so many rugs, washed so many windows, and moved around so much furniture that we'd sweated a bucketful.	10 20 31 41 52 62 66
We were both glad when Grandma Tiny told us to hitch up old Buck and go to the store.	77 85
"Howdy, Poppa. Howdy, George," said Mr. Owens, the storekeeper, when we arrived. "What can I do for y'all today?"	93 103 104
"I've got a list of things to get for Tiny." said Poppa. "Her mama and sister are coming up from Kansas City. She's about to bust a gusset making sure everything's just right."	116 127 137
Mr. Owens laughed as Poppa handed him the list. Poppa and I wandered around the store while Mr. Owens filled our order. We were having a good time looking at the shiny new farm equipment when Poppa spied a pile of pants stacked on a table. Most of them were plain black or brown corduroy.	147 158 170 182 192
"Mighty poor pickings here," Poppa said. But when he reached the bottom of the pile, he let out a long whistle.	201 213
"George," he said, holding up a pair for me to see. "What do you think about these?"	224 230
They were gray pants with a red plaid pattern. The fabric was as velvety soft as old Buck's nose.	240 249
"They look real nice, Poppa," I said, "but they must have been made for a giant! They're way too long for you."	260 271