

Mrs. Jonas

Just a Scythe

I'm just a scythe they used to say. I was just plain old plain old. They would use me around the farm to help out with the harvest. I was getting tired and weak towards the end and eventually they got a few more scythes. I had to face it I was growing old and rusty, and any farm tool in his, right mind, would be always terrified of getting old and rusty. You see, we farm tools love helping and working from dawn to dusk. Well that's not all my story so let me get on with the story.

Well I was hanging around in the stables when a nice young man and my masters came up and they started inspecting, believe me I was nervous, I thought I was going to get thrown out. I was almost trembling, but before I could start that the young man asked to buy me and my masters said they couldn't sell me but they could give me away, after all the work I did they wanted to give me away I just can't believe it. The young man gladly took me in his car and wrapped me in a few blankets and we went on to his house. I absolutely couldn't believe it I was not even used for work I was just a decoration. Or so I thought, a few days later I was back in the young man's truck. I went to an antique show, oh that was just great I'm here with a bunch of old stuff! Things were not looking up, for me anyway.

I was put on a table and an old man came around to look at me. The young man asked if I was of importance or if I was a good find. The old man said, "By golly day, this is the scythe that almost killed Mrs. Bratton in the Revolutionary War!" and after all that, I was known as the find of the day. After all that I switched owners several times. Now that I think about it—I remember something like that. Yes. Yes, I do.

Christian Huck and his British soldiers went to the Bratton's plantation and when they found that Bratton's troops were not there, they took Mrs. Bratton hostage. They took me and put me to her throat, and told her to tell them where Bratton was located. Mrs. Bratton, as brave as she was, told him no that she would not give in and tell them where Bratton and his troops were. While all of this was going out one of the Bratton's servants slipped out and found Bratton and told him of Huck threatening Mrs. Bratton. Bratton and his men attacked the British the next day and killed Huck.

Well that's my story; wow, I wasn't just an old farm tool! Now I'm in a museum watching people walk by. Sometimes they will stop and some will oohh and awww now and then, but besides that I'm not doing much work at all. I'm just being adored and I love it!