

a fiction Story by LeGrand Baker

This is as fictional as it appears. Grandma Baker used her ear phone to personal advantage.

[I wrote this for either Dawn or Tonya. It is dated Nov. 21,1994. The story is fiction, but the idea is not. I remember my Grandma Baker saying to my mother, Crystal, If you don't change the subject, I'll turn off my hearing aid.]

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Grandma could hear just fine.

"George," I heard her shout. I lay there in my sleeping bag next to their bed and wondered what ever could be the matter.

"George, wake up! There is something in the hen house."

"What hen house."

"George, get up this minute. They are making a terrible fuss. There's a snake or something. Now go see, before they're all dead."

I heard grandpa pull himself out of bed, put on his shoes--but not tie them--grope for his robe and flash light. The door closed and he was off to champion the hens.

The next morning Grandma got up, put on her ear phone, and went about her day, selectively hearing or not hearing as it seemed to suit her. She almost always had problems hearing Grandpa. When the phone rang while she was fixing the turkey she did not notice it.

Midmorning, the Relief Society Teachers came bringing a jar of loganberry jam with a green ribbon hanging on to it.

"How nice of you." She said. "Do come in and visit for a while."

"What was that? You'll have to speak up, dear. I've been having trouble with this silly old hearing aid lately. It's such a bother."

"You may have to shout, dear. I still can't hear you."

By this time the great alto tones of the Relief Society teacher were causing tremors in the chandeliers. Grandma fiddled with the knobs of her hearing aid and murmured, more to herself than to them, but clearly enough that they could hear. "Silly old thing. Can't hear a thing. Don't ever grow old. It just is not worth it."

At length the alto voiced Relief Society teacher pointed to her lips and mouthed the words "We must go now. We will see you next month."

"Yes, yes, do that." said Grandma to her friend. "Come back when I have this thing fixed. Thank you for the jam. We will have a nice visit next month like we usually do."

The ladies left and Grandma went back to stirring her cake.

The rest of the day was full of fun, aunts, uncles, cousins and food. The only problem I detected was a tizzy that Grandma and Uncle Joe were having off in one corner. I do not know what it was about, but I heard Grandma say, "That's enough about that Joe. I don't want to hear any more about it. If you do not change the subject I will turn off my hearing aid. This hearing aid is a dreadful thing, but it is the only advantage I know of being old.