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I have such a headache, and this family—This Family! They give me no rest. Today, a crow got in through the front door—which SOMEONE had left open (I thought it was the dirty one, but 4004 said the baby got out this morning and didn’t close it). So when the boy found the crow, he started screaming to scare the dirty one, which started the crow flapping all around, and it kept flying into my window over and over again, which hurt a lot, you know, and the boy went outside to force the dirty to get rid of the crow by herself, but she was too stupid to just open the window. So instead, she ran up the stairs and slammed her bedroom door as HARD AS SHE COULD and dumped out her toy box, which scratched the NEWLY VARNISHED floors, and closed herself inside it. Inside a toy box! And the boy and the dirty one BOTH forgot about the baby, who was left alone in the kitchen, crying her lungs out with a giant crow for company. And the crow was just circling and banging into everything around, like a derailed train or something. The old ones were out for a run, and when they got home they put the boy in his room for leaving the dirty one and the baby. So now he is banging out rhythms on the walls and loudly singing—or rather, shouting—"la, la, la, la, la," and I. Think. I. Might. Go. Crazy.

[Lucy Hester]