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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 22:59:06 GMT  
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From: AmandaTracyandFred Sent: 9/22/2006 8:49 PM

As Jenny pulled out her mixer, she heard the floor board squeak upstairs. Opening a cupboard door, she pulled down an old mixing bowl with faded roses passed down from her mother, a small glass bowl for the eggs, and a measuring cup. Setting it aside, she heard silence from upstairs.

"My stars, Martha!" she muttered to herself as she walked over to the pantry and pulled out a well-aged bottle of dark corn syrup, a package of sugar, vanilla, and pecans. "Did you ever think that you might have driven her off with your high-falutin' ways?! Oh, it just makes me so mad!" Jenny growled as she moved to the refrigerator and pulled out three eggs from the egg carton on the side of the door. "I forgot the butter!" she groaned.

Going to the refrigerator for the butter, she heard the floor boards squeaking a few times as Heather walked to the bathroom. "She's having trouble sleeping," Jenny remarked as she poured the syrup into the rose mixing bowl. "Martha, if you hadn't been so blasted insistent about trying to marry her off to some blue-blooded sort, she might not have run off to the Navy!" Next, she broke and scrambled the eggs viciously, adding them to the syrup. Then, she measured off a cup of sugar and poured that in. "The only smart thing that woman ever did was marry Jim!"

The floor squeaked again and settled into quiet. The butter and vanilla went in next, and then the whole thing was shoved into a professional mixer, and set on medium speed. While the blades stirred the syrupy concoction, she went to the refrigerator again and found a package of preformed dough. "Well, it hurts my pride to use this, but I want it ready to go when she wakes up." When the pie was ready, Jenny set it aside to cool.

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