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The Story The Milk Told Me

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Did you have a drink of good, sweet milk this morning?

Yes! Well, so did I, and let me tell you the story it told me as it stood, white and creamy, in the tall glass.

You see, just as I was lifting it to my lips, it looked so foaming and fresh, that I said: "Good milk, do tell me where you came from before we bought you in the grocery store?"

The milk bubbled up a little, then settled down quietly and said, "Yes, I will tell you about it. Before you bought me, I stood in a bottle with ever so many other bottles, in a dark, cool ice box in the distribution centre where we shivered and grew very cold."

"Then that is what makes you so cold now, is it?" said I. "Yes," bubbled the milk. "Well, before I lived in the distribution center, I was swimming around with ever so much other milk in a very large milk can, out in the country, waiting to be bottled and carried to the city"

"Oh!" I interrupted, "I didn't know you came from the country. Do you grow on trees or in the ground?"

The milk laughed so hard and shook so, that it almost spilled itself over on the tablecloth, and I was afraid it would break the glass. As soon as it could speak again, it said: "Dear me! Didn't you know that before I was put into the milk can, I came right from the old 'bossy cow,' who stands in the meadow by the river, chewing her cud? But before that, and before I was white, creamy milk as you see me now, I grew tall and green on the river bank. No wonder you look astonished. Yes, I was grass for the good old cow to eat."

"And before you were milk you were grass! How funny! And before that?"

"That is too long a story," rippled the milk; "and too difficult for me to tell and for you to understand."

"But where do you go after I drink you?" I asked.

"Oh! after you drink me," answered the milk, "I change into rich, red blood, to make your body grow strong and healthy."

"Dear, good milk," said I, as I once more lifted the glass to my lips, "then I won't say good-bye to you, before I drink you but I will thank the good old cow for giving you."

Then I drank the cool, sweet milk, but I remembered its story to tell to you.



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