

Eight Uncles 35

Chapter 35 The Crawfords Owe It To Her

Hannah, meanwhile, was so frightened that she stopped crying. Her cries tapered off into hiccups and soft sobs.

Bettany's temper flared. Her countenance took on an arctic chill. "You like crying, don't you? Do as you like! You're not allowed to stop until you fill this bucket!"

The girl, sure enough, burst into full-blown wailing after receiving the scare.

She had cried at first to cause a scene, but now she was downright howling.

Her tears were genuine this time.

The child held the bucket in her hands and kept crying. Each tear fell into the container.

Mrs. Bettany Levine, the Madam of the Crawford household, was, however, an obstinate woman. She silently watched on as the younger cried.

The elder had a childish streak to her. You want to act out? So can I. Both were now stuck in a stalemate until Hannah grew exhausted from her endless whines.

Hannah was too afraid to stop. She proceeded to cry even harder when she finally noticed her tears wouldn't even fill half a cup.

She choked up as she continued sobbing, "I can't anymore, Granny. I'm thirsty... I want water..."

Margaret could barely hold in her laughter.

Bettany was as angry as she was amused. "Are you going to keep crying?"

Hannah sniffled and shook her head. Her eyes were bloodshot.

Bettany grunted and went back inside.

Margaret hurriedly approached the child. "Let's go back inside, Little Miss! Have a glass of water."

Hannah had cried her eyes red. No one had ever treated her this way.

Her mother would always meet her demands whenever she turned on the waterworks.

She was slowly coming to understand her tears weren't everything. They meant nothing before her grandmother.

Margaret guided the child to the first floor and sat her down to get her to drink water.

No one else had come home. Her mother had also been driven away. It seemed she was the only one left in the huge manor. Hannah suddenly felt fearful, flustered, and confused.

It was as if the world had left her behind...

Just as she grew helpless, a small figure sprinted down the stairs.

handed her a lollipop. "For
of Hannah crying into a bucket

her face

back into her

"..."

out of curiosity, "Is

moment she was reminded of the matter at hand, she had the feeling she wouldn't be able to fill the
bucket even if she were to cry herself blind.

to fetch the

it, Hannah! There's still so much of the bucket

"H-Hold it better!

The bucket was only so slightly wet yet Hannah had

brought the cup of water on the table over. "There's no

the cup and

her another glass.

up drinking four whole cups of

long while. Her voice grew hoarse but the bucket was yet

her plight. "What to do? It's still not full. Is Granny not

"Uwahh..."

as she held

Anthony returned with Drake and Josh. The absurd sight of Hannah crying with Lilly holding up a basin
was

still cheering Hannah on. "You

and asked, "What's going

Anthony. She's not allowed to stop until

"..."

but found herself

tired. This was her first time experiencing just how tiring crying

cry again, Uncle. Please ask Granny to allow me to change to a smaller

“No buckets. Ask Granny for a cup
basin. She had a feeling even
cried, and yet even she couldn’t

“...”

at Math, stuffed his hands into
can fill about a quart. You would be spending the next 2,000 days crying.

“What should I do? I can’t cry
thought about it. “Try again when you wake
years didn’t seem like a long
would go by in
to comfort