



I wish my house was not a mess.



I wish the cow was full of milk. I wish the



walls were full of gold—I wish a lot of things...

(JACK'S MOTHER:) *(to JACK)* Listen well, son. Milky-White must be taken to market.

JACK: But, Mother, no—he's the best cow—

JACK'S MOTHER: She's given us no milk for a week.

We've no food nor money, and no choice but to sell her.

JACK: But Milky-White is my best friend in the whole world!

JACK'S MOTHER: Look at her! *(pointing to MILKY-WHITE)*



(JACK'S MOTHER:)
(last time)

mf There are



bugs on her dugs. There are flies in her eyes.



There's a lump on her rump