

I am Noah's Wife

That's it. Jus' Noah's wife. Mrs. Noah. A no-name person. My sons have names. Shem, Ham, Japheth. And my grandsons have names. Gomer, Magog, Madai, Javan, Tubal, Meshech, Tiras, Cush, Mizraim, Phut, Canaan, Elam, Asshur, Arphaxad, Lud, Aram. But me I don't have a name. I'm jus'--Noah's wife.

That's why I'm here. To set the record straight. See everybody's got me pegged as mean an' a hen-pecker somethin' fierce. Especially hilarious is the time where I refused to get on the ark. Well let me tell you, that weren't a bit funny. There's a few things you don't know about all that. Why do you think Noah wanted me so bad on the ark? Love? Pah. Now that's funny. That man never loved me.

No siree, he wanted me on the ark because I was the one gonna look after all them animals. I was the one gonna clean their shit, feed their mouths, tend their litters, doctor their sick. What did you think, Noah was goin' to? No, he was gonna be too busy navigating, I can tell you that. Noah was gonna stand there like he always has, givin' orders and tellin' us they came from God. So that means I was supposed to look after him too. (My sons? Well, they each had a wife. Yup, there was Shem's wife, Ham's wife, and Japheth's wife.)

An' I was supposed to look after the ark--just you think about keepin' that thing clean and healthy: 300 cubits by 50 cubits by 30 cubits--that's long as a football field and three stories high! (An' only one window--lord, what a stench!) See he figured me to be game warden, housekeeper, and cook (an' we ain't jus' talkin' a week, we're talkin' close on two months)--an' all while me in a state of constant pregnancy. No thanks.

An' that's just what I woulda got--no thanks, no pay, no credit. If the flood destroyed the world an' all its people, where do you think all o' you came from? Me! An' I ain't even given a name. To read *The Bible* you'd think he begat all o' you hisself. An' you'd think he begat only sons. Well it ain't so.

An' if that ain't enough, when it was all over, God made his covenant *with the men*. Oh I knew he would. 'Course he includes me, I suppose, if us women come in under the category "of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you". Flattering, hunh.