Sarah Taylor's Granddaughter

I never knew nothing but the spirit.

The scene was typical. Mabel lecturing, answering questions from an auditorium of students and faculty who wanted to know about her baskets and her life as a medicine woman. As always, she was puzzling, maddening. But that morning I studied her carefully, as if I might see or understand something about her for the first time. She had asked me to write her life story, and after knowing her for over thirty years and with stacks of notes and miles of tape, I still didn't know how.

"You're an Indian doctor," a young woman with bright red hair spoke from the middle of the room. "What do you do for poison oak?"

"Calamine lotion," Mabel answered. She was matter-of-fact. The student sank into her chair.

A distinguished-looking man in gray tweed raised his hand. Mabel looked down from the podium to the front row where he was sitting.

"Mabel, how old were you when you started weaving baskets?"

Mabel adjusted her modish square glasses. "Bout six, I guess."

"When did you reach perfection?"

Mabel didn't understand the professor's question and looked to where I was sitting, behind a display table showing her baskets.

"When did your baskets start to be good?" I ventured. "When did you start selling them?"

Mabel looked back at the man. "Bout nineteen, eighteen maybe."

"Was it your grandmother who taught you this art?"

"It's no such a thing art. It's spirit. My grandma never taught me nothing about the baskets. Only the spirit trained me." She waited for another question from the man, then added, "I only follow my Dream. That's how I learn."

The young woman from the middle of the room shot up again. Clearly, she was perplexed. "I mean, Mabel, do you use herbs and plants to treat people?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you talk to them? Do they talk to you?"

"Well, if I'm going to use them I have to talk, pray."

The woman paused, then asked, "Do plants talk to each other?"

"I suppose."

"What do they say?"

Mabel laughed out loud, then caught her breath and said, "I don't know. Why would I be listening?"

At that point the professor who had sponsored Mabel's visit announced that time was up and that people could look at Mabel's baskets on their way out. He reiterated the fact that Mabel was an Indian with a different world view, reminding the audience of her story earlier about meeting the

Kashaya Pomo medicine woman Essie Parrish in Dream twenty years before she met her in person. The professor, an earnest man in his mid-forties, turned to Mabel. "You must have recognized Essie Parrish when you first saw her in person, didn't you, Mabel?"

Mabel, who was fussing to detach the microphone from her neck, looked and said, "Yes, but she cut her hair a little."

There it was. Quintessential Mabel. Nothing new. Same stories and questions. Same answers. This small Indian woman, over eighty years old, with coifed black hair and modish glasses, this little Indian woman in a mauve-colored summer dress adorned on the shoulder with a corsage of imitation African violets, had turned a Stanford auditorium upside down. No one cracked her.

On the way back to the Rumsey Reservation that day, I kept wondering how I was going to write about Mabel's life. She was baffling, even for me. Certainly the facts of her life were interesting and warranted a story. World-renowned Pomo basketmaker with permanent collections in the Smithsonian and countless other museums. The last Dreamer and sucking doctor among the Pomo peoples. The last living member of the Long Valley Cache Creek Pomo tribe. The astute interlocutor famous for her uncanny talk that left people's minds spinning. The facts were easy. The life was not.

We drove east on Highway 80 toward Sacramento. It was a hot October day; it had not rained and the hills beyond the Bay Area were dust gray. Mabel patted her brow with a clean white handkerchief. Her black patent leather purse sat open on her lap.

"Can I smoke?" she asked.

I knew she'd ask before long. She was polite. She had smoked all the way from Rumsey to Stanford, but remembered that my red Honda Civic was new. In fact, the trip to Rumsey and back was the first major excursion I had made with the vehicle.

"Car's doing pretty good," Mabel said from the side of her mouth as she lit a cigarette.

I pulled out the half-full ashtray. First thing to clean when I get back to Stanford, I thought. So much for the new-car smell.

"Drought coming," Mabel said exhaling a cloud of smoke. "Grandma said one time everything dried up. Peoples had to go clear to Sacramento for water."

"Yes, she followed Highway 16 from Rumsey to Woodland in a wagon. Was a dirt road then. No water in Woodland, so she went on to the Sacramento River. One of the horses died. Lots of animals died. She stayed along the river until the first rains came. She was hungry. She ate fish mush and drank willow bark tea." I knew the story. It seemed I knew all the stories. Over the years, ever since I was a kid, I had heard them again and again.

"Yes," Mabel added, "and lots of them valley people there suspicious of Grandma on account of her grandfather having that white snake poison. Saying problems is on account of her. Thing is that man had that poison sold it off. Some peoples even think I got that poison." She chuckled at herself and puffed her cigarette. "How can I be doctor and poison you at the same time?"

"See Mabel, that's the problem. Your stories go all over the place. I can't write them like that. It's too hard for people to follow. I don't know where to start."

Mabel exhaled another long cloud of smoke and rubbed

her cigarette out in the ashtray. She folded her hands resolutely over her purse. I saw from the corner of my eye; it seemed the gesture was intended for me. I focused on the road.

"Mabel, people want to know about things in your life in a way they can understand. You know, how you got to be who you are. There has to be a theme."

"I don't know about no theme."

I squirmed in my seat. Her hands didn't move. "A theme is a point that connects all the dots, ties up all the stories . . ."

"That's funny. Tying up all the stories. Why somebody want to do that?"

"When you write a book there has to be a story or idea, a theme . . ."

"Well, theme I don't know nothing about. That's somebody else's rule. You just do the best way you know how. What you know from me."

Back to the facts. I drove on in silence. Mirages rose from the hot pavement. Stories. Old Grandma Sarah Taylor on her wagon. The buckets of dirty clothes rattling on the wagon bed as she steered the horses over the hard, rocky ground to the creek. The sickly little girl next to her who was Dreaming in a world of white people . . .

It was a summer Monday like so many others. Wash day and one-hundred-degree heat. Only today Old Sarah didn't leave her granddaughter under the willow tree. After she watered and tied the horses, she lifted the frail seven-year-old to the ground and sat her in the sand near the washboard and pounding rocks. With three sticks and the sheriff's wife's calico housedress, she built a tent over the girl. Then she began

to unload the wagon. Underclothes, trousers and shirts, dresses, children's clothes. The buckets that belonged to the woman on the hill, those from the sheriff's wife and from the storekeeper. She placed them in a row along the water, but all the while she watched the clump of silver willows downstream and the chaparral behind her. She watched the horses, seeing where they turned their heads.

She had sensed something wrong just beyond the Rumsey store, when she was hardly out of town. Someone watching her. The horses lifted their heads. She pulled in the reins and started shouting. "What do you want? I've got the white people's things. I've got the ghosts' clothes. If you touch me, they'll track you." She called out in the local Wintun language, then in Sulphur Bank Pomo, and then in Wintun again. She knew half a dozen languages and she called out in every one of them. Every one of them except her own, Lolsel Cache Creek Pomo. On and on she shouted. And then as quickly as she had started, she stopped. Slowly, she let out the reins, and with her one free hand untied the scarves around her head. She needed to see from the corners of her eyes. She needed to take precautions. So before she knelt in the water with the dirty clothes and washboard, she did one more thing. She hung the sheriff's shirts on the wagon, from the bed and over the seat back.

She pulled a bucket close to her and knelt in a shallow pool. She looked over her shoulder. "Mabel," she called. The gaunt child looked up with sleep-swollen eyes. She was sitting just as Sarah had left her. "Lie down," she said. "Put your head on the scarves there." The girl stared at her, her large, wide face unmoving. Sarah turned back to her work.

The girl would sleep. She had been up half the night, talking out loud in her Dream. Sarah started on the underclothes.

The way a person dresses. First things first. She hadn't let the white people down in ten years. Mondays, wash. Tuesdays, iron. Other days, outside chores, paint, chop wood. Or the orchards. When she walked into town last spring after a five-month stay in Cortina, the white folks asked her back. They let go the Indian help they had hired to replace her. "Old Sarah, the best," they said, which is what she repeated at the end of each day's work as they dropped a coin into her apron and handed her a loaf of bread, sometimes a box of crackers, for the sick girl at her side. Old Sarah, the best. It was about the only English she knew. She wasn't that old really, fifty or so. Her weathered face and old Victorian dress and loose aprons told nothing of the arms and back that hoisted sixty-pound boxes of apples and pounded clothes eight hours straight.

The sun on her bare head would make her delirious in time. She knew working faster wouldn't help. Neither would crying. For that she only allowed herself the time each morning it took the sun to hit the mountaintops. She had to go on. There was the girl. Mabel. Go on, she told herself as she glanced at the girl and took up a handful of underclothes.

It started about four years ago, shortly after the child began speaking. The long, full stares. Restless nights. The strange things she said. "It's good to be here, away from that Big Lady by the lake," she told her mother once. She was referring to her father's first wife, who had tried to poison her mother up in Nice. But how could she have known anything about that? She was an infant then. How did she know to call the woman Big Lady? Then once when a man from somewhere near Sacramento knocked on Sarah's door, the girl grabbed a piece of meat off the table and handed it to Sarah. Sarah, who stood in the doorway facing the man, took

the meat from the child without thinking. When she looked back at the man, he was stepping backward, away from the door, the reflection of her and the girl vanishing in his frightened eyes. Mabel pushed him backward, down the road, with her gaze. He had come to poison Sarah, and Mabel had known as much, even at the age of three. She knew to show him meat. Offer a stranger meat. If he doesn't take it, he is carrying poison. A poisoner must fast from meat. The old Indian rule.

Maybe that's who is after us, Sarah thought as she pushed an undershirt over the washboard. He saw the girl was different, that she had something powerful and old. Others had seen, too. Those people last fall at Mrs. Spencer's grape-picking camp who had heard the girl cry and hum at night and seen her heavy eyes in the day. It could be any of them. This wasn't the first time Sarah felt someone following her.

Maybe it was some good person, a good doctor watching, keeping an eye on the girl until she was ready to be helped with the Dream. Sarah didn't linger on that idea, though. In people's minds, the girl called up Lolsel, or Wild Tobacco, the ancient village place where Sarah was born, and where now only her sister Belle remained. Lolsel, in the hills above Clear Lake, some twenty-five miles west of the valley, of Rumsey. Lolsel, where Sarah's brother, Richard, began the Dream religion, where he called people from far and near to hear his Dreams, where people listened and began Dreaming themselves, Dreaming new dances and songs, sacred activities that would keep them alive after the white people had taken everything but their souls to Dream. Bole Maru, they called the Dream religion in the west. Bole Hesi, in the east. But Lolsel was always special. Always a place of powerful people, astonishing events. The small valley tucked in the

hills, where strong medicine grew. Where white eagles appeared to the people and traded doctoring songs for live rabbits and small deer, and later, out of gratitude for the good trade, gave one old man there enough white feathers for a full-length cape, a gown so brilliant it exposed every sickness in its path, every darkness in a human body.

That was Old Taylor's father, or maybe his father's father. Sarah's grandfather, or great-grandfather. The same one who discovered the snake one dry summer in Cache Creek just north of the village. A snake a hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, pure white with the head of a deer. It filled the creek bed; it was stuck, unable to slide past the stone-dry creek walls. He sacrificed the snake, killed it with song. He called many people to see it, then ground its dried remains into a powder that he sold to all the neighboring tribes. It was a deadly poison, but he figured if everybody owned it, nobody could use it. You counteracted the poison with the poison. But things got mixed up. The white people came not long after. An awful time. The stories got mixed up. People were always suspicious of strangers, persons from other villages, and now they were forced to live with them, work with them. Sometimes entire villages disappeared. Maybe a few from here survived, a few from there. Smallpox left Lolsel with hardly a dozen people. Once a large village of five hundred, only a handful by 1871 when Richard preached his Dream. But someone remembered about the snake, and told it wrong. When Sarah moved into the small house in Rumsey, someone said, "She has that white snake poison. That old ancestor of hers didn't sell it all. Why else does she look so good to the white people? She makes us look bad. It's her poison."

Sarah got a ride into the valley with the rancher. She

stood outside the barn where he hitched the horses and she pointed to the road. He knew she was leaving the place. It wasn't just the gunnysack of clothes at her feet, which she took with her whenever he gave her a ride anywhere. And it wasn't just that she was pointing east toward the Sacramento Valley on the coldest day in winter, when snow was on the hilltops and there wasn't an almond to crack or an apricot to pick anywhere in Rumsey. It was that a week before, her oldest children had come for her youngest. The older boys, young men really, Nelson, Anderson, and Dewey, who built the rancher's stone fences and cleared the land for his cattle, came on a wagon of their own, a wagon with fine wheels and a long bed, and loaded up the younger brother, McKinley, and the girl, Daisy. How could he protest? There wasn't really enough work for them, and now he couldn't afford to feed them well. Game was scarce and his own family needed what supplies he could get in Rumsey. And now didn't it make sense that the old woman would follow her children?

Sarah let the man with long red sideburns help her onto the wagon. His worn leather gloves felt cold, smooth. They started off then, past the barn and the rancher's house, past where Sarah could see the Indian shacks by the creek. The half dozen or so places looked small, abandoned, except for where smoke rose from a single stovepipe. The wagon bumped and made the corner away from the ranch. Sarah turned in her seat, kept looking back after the barn and Indian places disappeared. She could still see the elderberry tree in the open, flat field. It was bare now, of course, but its drooping branches held full white flowers each spring and dark blue berries every summer.

It was the last miraculous thing to happen at Lolsel.

Richard Taylor, Sarah's brother, died one late fall after-

noon. The night before, he instructed his people to bury him in the Roundhouse, where he preached his Dream. After, they were to lock the Roundhouse, since no other Dreamer would live at Lolsel. He was the last. That was hard enough. But then the rancher, who bought the land from a white man, announced that he was going to move his family there. He wanted the land cleared, and he looked at the wide round rooftop rising out of the ground in the middle of the field. He said he would come back in the spring. That winter the creek flooded, the worst rains ever. People moved into the hills. When they returned, they found their places, all their possessions, in order. Everything except the largest structure on the land, the Roundhouse. It was gone, centerpole and all. Only the indentation in the earth where it once stood told anything of its ever having existed. And after the rains and flood, the large crater in the earth was dry. That next spring, where the entrance had been above ground, a lone elderberry grew. People said Richard Taylor ascended to the world above.

The rancher couldn't have known what Sarah was seeing any more than he could've known all that was in her mind when he found her outside the barn. He knew Belle, Sarah's sister, was left, that Belle would stay on to help his wife. He'd seen to that after the older boys moved to the valley. Belle and, now with Sarah and her younger kids gone, nobody on a regular basis. Maybe that old man from the lake someplace who had been around the last five years, that old man whom he couldn't see Sarah thinking about that morning, talking to Sarah. "You got children to look after," he told Sarah. "This is white man world. And the Indians down there aren't always friendly. You go . . . stay together. There's nothing for you here." He was sitting up, his rattling chest heaving with each breath. "Go on," he said, and looked to Belle. "She'll

come later. Then no Indians left of this place. But I'll be here." Sarah knew what he was saying. It was enough for him to die there. He didn't need or want more from her. Except to leave him, to join her children. "You got a place down there," he said. "Now go." She figured, at her age, he would be her last husband. She just never figured it would end like this, at a time when the life ahead of her seemed so long.

She thought of things on the way to the valley. She thought of her mother, Mollie, who had come to Lolsel from a village far south, in the Napa Valley. She was a stranger; no one understood her language. She was alone, frightened, and her hair was singed close to the scalp, a sign she was in mourning. But she worked hard, and she made beautiful baskets. Once she wove a basket the size of a grown woman, another time she made a string of baskets tiny as beads, so tiny that people could hardly see them to know what they were. She gave each Lolsel person one of the little baskets. She was close to middle age, and still Old Taylor took her for his wife. After she learned to speak the Wild Tobacco language, she told how she fled north after the Mexicans kidnapped her children and burned her village on the Napa River. Sarah thought how she had never seen Mollie cry.

The ride down was slow. The ground was hard, slippery. In the valley, where the road was flat, the horses had an easier time. Rumsey wasn't too far then, and Sarah tapped the rancher when she saw the house and barn on the other side of the general store. She got herself off the wagon, took up her gunnysack, and nodded to the rancher. Then she started up the narrow road past the large white ranch house with a picket fence to the smaller house behind the barn. Anderson was chopping wood, and he saw her right away. He called

his sister and brothers out of the house to greet their mother.

Her children had done well for themselves. The place was small, two rooms, but it was clean and dry. It had a good stove, and there was enough food—flour, and even some canned goods from the store. The boys chopped wood for the local ranchers, sewed feed sacks at the granary, loaded and unloaded boxcars at the train stop. The girl cooked, washed clothes. But Sarah was still suspicious. Why did their distant cousin, who had Lolsel lineage, leave such a nice place? It was winter now, and even though they were only a few miles from the Wintun rancheria across the creek, they did not see other Indians too often. In the summer, the Indians would be everywhere.

Sarah thought through the situation. She knew most of the Wintun people, she had worked with them in the orchards for many years, and, as far as she knew, she had good relations with them. She would strengthen the ties, make sure none of them turned on her or her family now that she was settled in their territory. Marriage was the key. That summer in the orchards she nodded to every available Wintun woman she found. The boys knew to follow her chin. She instructed Daisy to comb her hair and keep her clothes clean at all times. She taught her how to make a good black pinole that she could share with people, not just men lest the women suspect her motives and become jealous. By fall, Nelson and Dewey had taken up with women, but it was not exactly as Sarah had wanted, no exchange of gifts, no formal marriages. Later, Anderson moved to Cortina with a woman. When the heavy rains came, Sarah found herself in the house with only McKinley and the girl.

By then the storekeeper's talk of her excellent work around his large white house had led to jobs with the woman

on the hill and the sheriff's wife. Daisy helped and so did McKinley, when there wasn't work at the granary or at the train stop. Then McKinley began to wander. He socialized with the local Indians and danced with them at the big dances in Cortina, which, for Sarah, was as good as if he married one of them. In time, she got used to the quiet house. She enjoyed time with her daughter, who, after so many years, still didn't have a marriage proposal.

Four years went by. Sarah knew some of the Indians were unfriendly to her, and she heard from those who were her friends what was said about her and the white snake poison. She figured she could live with the talk. No one had tried to harm her. Besides, in this world of more and more white people, weren't more and more Indians forgetting those old-time things? She worked hard, was polite, watched her step. She worried about Daisy, who was now eighteen and still unmarried. Daisy was a flirt, too casual with the men, Sarah thought. Too many different men came to visit her—so many that Sarah could hardly keep track, so many that when a couple parked their wagon in front of her house and pointed to the loaded wagon bed, she did not have any idea who their son was. There were chickens, pigs, even a young heifer. Barrels of flour and corn, a case of crackers, yards of fine material for dressmaking, piles of new blankets. The only problem was they weren't Wintun. They were Pomo, Potter Valley Pomo from west of Clear Lake.

Sarah went inside the house. Daisy was nowhere around. Sarah waited all day. So did the couple on the wagon. When Daisy came home that evening, Sarah pleaded with her to wait for an offer from someone in the valley. But she didn't push too hard, since she didn't want to offend the dark handsome man who stood next to Daisy and called himself Yanta

Boone. He might be able to understand some of her Lolsel language, after all. When he did address Sarah, he spoke Sulphur Bank Pomo, a language they both understood. "My parents are paying the highest price for your daughter," he said. "A woman from Lolsel is the most valuable anywhere." "We're nothing special," Sarah said, wanting to believe her own words. "Take the gifts," Daisy said in Sulphur Bank, putting Sarah on the spot. So Sarah agreed, and Yanta and his father unloaded the wagon, and Daisy left with a gunnysack.

That was in the spring. April sometime. Sarah wasn't alone. Dewey was back without his woman, and McKinley was there. The other boys visited regularly. Sarah told them what happened to Daisy. She told how Yanta Boone had a regular job on a ranch in Nice, just north of the lake. "That's closer to our home," Sarah said, as if to make things all right. "She'll be happy there." The boys weren't convinced. How did Sarah or anyone know anything about this Yanta or his family? they wondered. Sarah pointed out that Yanta's sister, Nanny, had married Charlie Williams, the lone survivor of the Bloody Island Massacre, who was a fine man. Still, the boys were not appeased. Someone would have to check on Daisy.

Sarah would be the one.

Just after the last crops and before the first heavy rains, Sarah made the trip. The boys lent her their wagon. They hoisted enough straw on the bed to feed the horses for a week, then followed her on horseback to the foot of the hills. Now she was alone. It was early morning, and if she didn't stop, she could be in Nice by nightfall. But at noon, when she was well into the hills, halfway to Clear Lake, she turned off the road. She didn't hesitate. There were no second thoughts.

She drove on, around that turn in the narrow road where she spotted the elderberry tree in the open field, onward past the house and barn, along the shacks, until at last there was a woman on the ground holding the horses and calling her name.

The two sisters had a lot to talk about. There was talk about life in the valley, the boys and Daisy. There was talk about the ranch and how cattle were everywhere now. By the time Sarah thought to get up from her place by Belle's wood stove and have a look around outside, it was already dark. By then Sarah had seen that the pallet bed in the corner was gone, as was the wooden apple crate next to it that held her husband's few belongings. The place was neat and tidy, dry-smelling like an orderly and lonely old woman.

Belle served acorn mush with a dinner of fried beef and cabbage sent over from the rancher's wife. Sarah and Belle talked into the night. Mostly about the valley and how, with so many white people, the world was changing even faster than before. "Richard's Dream was true," Sarah said. "There will be roads going everywhere, even to the moon." They sat on the floor, in the old style, their long dresses spread out around them, even though Belle had a new table with four perfectly comfortable wooden chairs. And when they got sleepy, they camped right there, folding up their shawls for a pillow.

Sarah had not taken a good look at things on her way in. She had not seen how the grass was grazed to the bare earth, not just in the open field, in the little valley that was Lolsel, but over the hills in every direction as far as the eye could see. "Cattle," Belle explained, when Sarah took in the damage the next morning. They walked about, past the large oak tree along the creek. It looked dry, hungry. And along the water,

where sweet clover grew year round, there was nothing but rocks, dusty earth, and cow dung.

On the way back, Sarah turned off the trail, just beyond the oak tree. Belle followed. They stopped at the graves above the creek. Sarah glanced around, then caught Belle nodding toward the grave she was looking for. Belle left and waited by the barn. Sarah looked awake but very distant. Something about her eyes. How they were last night, how they were all morning, how they looked when she reached the grave. Full of the unspeakable. That which breaks the insides to pieces. Which she and Belle cautiously avoided talking about. Not just what-happened-to-my-husband. Sarah knew that. But the countless remember-whens that made up her life at Lolsel.

Later that day, back on her way to Nice, Sarah began to think of things. Memories floated up. But she pushed them back where they came from, in that space that made up everything she knew except for what was immediately in front of her. "Go on," she said and shook the reins.

The ranch was easy to find. She found the endless stone fences her son-in-law had made and the barn and the cottages behind. Daisy came out to greet her, and she saw immediately that Daisy was in a family way. Not just that Daisy, who was rather stout anyway, was bigger, but that her face had changed, settled in a way Sarah had seen in many pregnant women. And it was in Daisy's face that Sarah detected in the days ahead that something was wrong. Nothing about the place; it was clean and warm. Nothing about Yanta; he was polite, good to Daisy, even if, as Sarah discovered, he was absentminded, wishy-washy at times. It was what Yanta's parents hadn't said that day on the wagon outside Sarah's house, what Daisy finally told Sarah at the end of

their visit, after days picking herbs in the hills, cracking acorns for mush in the evenings. It was that Yanta was already married. He had a first wife. She was from the lake someplace. Yanta's parents didn't like her; apparently he had married her without their approval. They paid such an extraordinary price for Daisy because they figured a woman from Lolsel would keep this lake woman away.

It didn't work out exactly that way. Yanta was not interested in her. But she did not want to let him go. With friends, she made trips up to the ranch. She would stand out on the road for the longest time. Daisy was afraid to leave the ranch by herself, thinking she might run into this woman who gave long, hard stares. It wasn't good. Daisy felt like a prisoner, stuck on the place. And just the week before, one of the Mexicans found a sun basket, perfectly made with the red feathers from a woodpecker's head, hanging behind the cottage. Yes, someone was trying to poison her. Who else but this woman?

Sarah was packing her gunnysack and thinking to herself that she did not want to hear what she was being told. She asked who the woman was. "They just call her Big Lady. I guess that is her name," Daisy answered. "She is a big woman." Sarah then inquired about the woman's family, where they were from. Daisy didn't know too much, other than that they came from the lake someplace. "Well," Sarah said, picking up her gunnysack, "remember all I taught you about yourself and having children . . . And if . . . you can always come back to the valley."

Which is what Daisy did one gray February day. With Yanta. And with an infant girl she called Mabel.

At first, things seemed all right. The little house behind the storekeeper's barn was crowded, but it was good to have Daisy home where she was safe. Big Lady had finally got her