



Mavis

No Known Copyright

Princeton University Library reasonably believes that the Item is not restricted by copyright or related rights, but a conclusive determination could not be made.

You are free to use this Item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use.

Princeton University Library Disclaimer

Princeton University Library claims no copyright governing this digital resource. It is provided for free, on a non-commercial, open-access basis, for fair-use academic and research purposes only. Anyone who claims copyright over any part of these resources and feels that they should not be presented in this manner is invited to contact Princeton University Library, who will in turn consider such concerns and make every effort to respond appropriately. We request that users reproducing this resource cite it according the guidelines described at <http://rbcs.princeton.edu/policies/forms-citation>.

Citation Information

Morrison, Toni. 1931-

Mavis

1 folder (partial)

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 12:56:53 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/8336h649k>

MAVIS

No doubt about it, the Cadillac was drifting. Pressing the accelerator did nothing to speed it up. The fuel indicator signalled a half full tank. Maybe not. It had been there from X three hours ago. There also at X. She thought of stopping back then, but the NeHi cooler more than the single pump of something called Edwards' Gasoline made her choose not to. The Cadillac's huge tank always made her forget its mileage was 12 miles to the gallon.

Maybe the indicator was broken along with the door handle. [TK-The Chewer] wouldn't have known about the needle because he filled the tank every Friday regardless, and wouldn't have cared about the handle because it was on the passenger's (meaning her) side.

NO longer drifting, the Cadillac was coasting down an incline. She reached automatically for the ^{potato} chips but fingered only ^{there} oily bits clinging to the seams of the cellophane. Possibilities flashed quickly: Ten thirty in the morning so another car real soon now hang white cloth? Two fifths

of Wild Turkey and six hundred dollars zipped ~~into one of its~~ side pockets.

Should easily a tow and repair if empty not it. Stay in care^f. Wait.

Walk if have to.

She steered toward the verge and coasted several yards on it before coming to a complete stop. The flat nothing landscape that ^{had} soothed her for the last x hours ^{is now} ~~suddenly became~~ a threat. No woods hiding a shcak where a crazy family of slaughtering men lived. NO hedge behind which a rapist lay waiting. She stepped out of the automobile into the sky, the green and curvey ground like a holding tray. The solitude she was running toward was a crowd compared to this. Driving through it with the comfortable motion of the car--she had no idea. Still. Space. The sun like a thirty cent pacifier sucking away at the air. There was nothing in any direction to interfere with her sightline so the limitlessness shrivelled her.

She saw herself stitting alone in the car or walking alone in the vacancy. Both were intolerable--without a drink, anyway.

So she pulled the first fresh bottle of bourbon out of her suitcase.

At o'clock not one automobile had come into view. At x o'clock she was asleep. At x she woke think of Wild turkey number 2.

No. She wouldn't. So far, in her experience, the sun went down, ^{that came the} after ~~which there was darkness~~ and night without the turkey was unthinkable.