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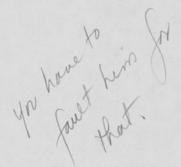
Morrison, Toni. 1931-L5

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You could call him a good bad man, or a bad good man. Depends. [catalogue of his generosity tk]

my menus Just as well they argued and fought over a menu and never saw the thing. real will-witnessed by me, notarized by Buddy Silk's wife-leaving everything, everything to Celestial. It wasn't right. If I had been allowed to read what I signed in 1964 I might have put a stop to what he had in mind–leaving everything we had worked for to the one person who would have given it away rather than live in it or on it; would have burned it to the ground mount its steps rather than let it stand as a reminder of why she was not permitted to step on its porch but was real sport of a fishing boat-its first and only reason for being. Regardless of what his heart said, it wasn't right. If I had read it in 1964 instead of 1971, I would have known that what looked like laziness, like resignation from despair was vengeance, and that his hatred of the women in his house had no level. First they disappointed him, then they beat him, then turned his home into a barrel of quarreling she-crabs and

Cameto think of it. trealed No vever the way Mr. Cosey # my menus. He throught up the named for dishes for people he knew, Cardgames hi'd wan-anything- and Charge them he feet when ever he wanted. He liked to gove mix flat - talking tor with fancy. MI made an angelfood cake that fairly floated he wand it manny's milk te spert Hundreds on he decorating on _ silk for the in it the norm and Ralled what we aiming aiming worked what he for? No work called the for? No work called the third to

his life's work into a joke his enemies loved to repeat. Whether what he believed was true or no, I wasn't going to let him put his family out in the street. May was sixty-one; what was she supposed to do? Spend her old age in a nut house? And Heed was forty-one. Was she supposed to go back to a family who had not spoken to her since 1947? And Christine-whatever she was into in 1971 it wasn't going to last. Days before the undertaker knocked on the door I tore that thing up. Better for become of his brain. them to stay connected arguing over a menu that to learn what he planned. Besides, without a will maybe they could find some way to live in the world without drawing the attention of Police Heads hunting wicked women and unruly children. It's hard, I know, but I know at least one woman who did it. Who stood right under their wide hats and scared them off with a shout-or was it a note?

Her scar has disappeared. I sit near her once in a while out at the cemetery. She is disgusted by the words on his tombstone and perches on its top so the folds of her red dress hide the insult: "Ideal Husband. Perfect Father." Other than that, she seems content. I like it when she sings to him. One of those raunchy tunes that used to excite everybody on the dance

I never got anything back

I want some thing back

floor. Either she doesn't know about me or has forgiven me for my solution because she doesn't mind at all if I sit a little ways off, listening. But sometimes her voice is so full of longing for him, I can't help it. I join in. And hum.

I want smething