



## Home Draft, as "Frank Money"

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FRANK MONEY

1.

THEY ROSE UP LIKE MEN. WE SAW THEM. LIKE MEN  
THEY STOOD.

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANYWHERE NEAR THAT

PLACE. LIKE MOST FARMLAND <sup>outside</sup> AROUND LOTUS, GEORGIA,

<sup>had plenty scary</sup> WARNING SIGNS ~~WERE PLENTIFUL. IN ADDITION TO THE~~ <sup>this one</sup>

<sup>↑</sup> ~~THREATENING SIGNS,~~ <sup>↑</sup> WIRE MESH FENCES WITH WOODEN

STAKES EVERY TEN OR SO FEET ~~ENCLOSED THE PROPERTY.~~

BUT WHEN WE SAW A CRAWL SPACE THAT SOME ANIMAL

HAD DUG—A COYOTE MAYBE OR A COON DOG—WE

COULDN'T RESIST. JUST KIDS WE WERE. THE GRASS WAS

SHOULDER HIGH FOR HER AND WAIST HIGH FOR ME SO,

LOOKING OUT FOR SNAKES, WE CRAWLED THROUGH IT ON

OUR BELLIES. THE REWARD WAS WORTH THE HARM GRASS

JUICE AND CLOUDS OF GNATS DID TO OUR EYES, BECAUSE

THERE RIGHT IN FRONT OF US, ABOUT FIFTY YARDS OFF, THEY

STOOD LIKE MEN. THEIR RAISED HOOVES CRASHING AND STRIKING, THEIR MANES TOSSING BACK FROM WILD WHITE EYES. THEY BIT EACH OTHER LIKE DOGS BUT WHEN THEY STOOD, REARED UP ON THEIR HIND LEGS, THEIR FORELEGS AROUND THE WITHERS OF THE OTHER, WE HELD OUR BREATH IN WONDER. ONE WAS RUST-COLORED; THE OTHER DEEP BLACK, BOTH SUNNY WITH SWEAT. THE NEIGHS WERE NOT AS FRIGHTENING AS THE SILENCE FOLLOWING A KICK OF HIND LEGS INTO THE LIFTED LIPS OF THE OPPONENT. NEARBY, COLTS AND MARES STOOD <sup>in differt</sup> ~~A~~LOOF, LOOKING AWAY. THEN IT STOPPED. THE RUST-COLORED ONE DROPPED HIS HEAD AND PAWED THE GROUND WHILE THE WINNER LOPED OFF IN AN ARC, NUDGING THE MARES BEFORE HIM.

AS WE ELBOWED BACK THROUGH THE GRASS LOOKING FOR THE DUG OUT PLACE, AVOIDING THE LINE OF PARKED <sup>beyond</sup> TRUCKS, WE LOST OUR WAY. <sup>Although it took forever to sight the fence</sup> NEITHER OF US PANICKED UNTIL WE HEARD VOICES, URGENT BUT LOW, ON THE YONDER SIDE.



OF THE FENCING. I GRABBED HER ARM AND PUT A FINGER TO MY LIPS. NEVER LIFTING OUR HEADS, JUST PEEPING THROUGH THE GRASS, WE SAW THEM PULL A BODY FROM A WHEELBARROW AND THROW IT INTO A HOLE ALREADY WAITING. ONE FOOT STUCK UP OVER THE EDGE AND QUIVERED, AS THOUGH IT COULD GET OUT, AS THOUGH WITH A LITTLE EFFORT IT COULD BREAK THROUGH THE DIRT BEING SHOVELED IN. WE COULD NOT SEE THE FACES OF THE MEN DOING THE BURYING, ONLY THEIR TROUSERS; BUT WE SAW THE EDGE OF A SPADE DRIVE THE JERKING FOOT DOWN TO JOIN THE REST OF ITSELF. WHEN SHE SAW THAT BLACK FOOT WITH ITS CREAM-COLORED, MUD-STREAKED SOLE BEING WHACKED INTO THE GRAVE, HER WHOLE BODY BEGAN TO SHAKE. I HUGGED HER SHOULDERS TIGHT AND TRIED TO PULL HER TREMBLING INTO MY OWN BONES BECAUSE, AS A BROTHER FOUR YEARS OLDER, I THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE IT. THE MEN WERE LONG GONE AND THE <sup>MOON</sup>~~SUN~~ WAS A  
^



CANTALOE BY THE TIME WE FELT SAFE ENOUGH TO DISTURB  
EVEN ONE BLADE OF GRASS AND MOVE ON OUR STOMACHS  
SEARCHING FOR THE SCOOPED-OUT PART UNDER THE FENCE.

WHEN WE GOT HOME WE EXPECTED TO BE WHIPPED OR AT  
LEAST SCOLDED FOR STAYING OUT SO LATE, BUT THE GROWN  
UPS DID NOT NOTICE US. SOME DISTURBANCE HAD THEIR

ATTENTION. *IF* WHATEVER YOU THINK AND WHATEVER YOU *decide to*

WRITE DOWN, KNOW THIS: I REALLY FORGOT ABOUT THE

BURIAL. I <sup>*only*</sup> ~~JUST~~ REMEMBERED THE HORSES. THEY WERE SO

BEAUTIFUL. SO BRUTAL. AND THEY STOOD LIKE MEN.

2.

Breathing. How to do it so no one would know he was awake. Fake a deep rhythmic snore, drop the bottom lip. Most important the eyelids should not move and there must be a regular heartbeat and limp hands. At 2:00 a.m. when they checked to determine if he needed another immobilizing shot they would see the patient in room 17, sunk in a morphine sleep. If convinced, they might loosen his cuffs. So his hands could enjoy some blood. The trick of imitating semi-coma, like playing dead face down in a muddy kill zone, was to concentrate on a single neutral object. Something that would smother any random hint of life. Ice, he thought, a cube of it, an icicle or an ice-crust pond, or a frosted landscape. No. Too much emotion attached to frozen hills. Fire,

then? Never. Too active. He would need something that stirred no feelings, encouraged no memory—sweet or shameful. Just searching for such an item was agitating. Everything reminded him of something loaded with pain. Visualizing a blank sheet of paper drove his mind to the letter he had gotten—the one that had closed his throat: “Come fast. She be dead if you tarry.” Finally, he settled on the chair in the corner of the room as his neutral object. Wood. Oak. Lacquered or stained. How many slats in its back? Was the seat flat or curved for a bottom? Hand crafted or machine made? If hand crafted who was the carpenter and where did he get his lumber? Hopeless. The chair was provoking questions not blank indifference. He would have to concentrate on something else, a night sky, starless or, better, train tracks. No scenery, no trains, just endless, endless tracks.

They had taken his shirt and laced boots but his pants and army jacket (neither an effective suicide instrument) were hanging in the tiny closet. He just had to get down the hall to the exit door



that was never locked after a fire broke out on that floor and a nurse and two patients died. That was the story Crane, the chatterbox orderly, rapidly chewing gum while washing the patient's armpits, had told him, but he believed it was simply convenient for the staff's smoke breaks.

Two days earlier, when he was handcuffed in the back seat of the patrol car, he had swerved his head wildly to see where he was and where he was going. Nothing in particular stood out except the flashing of an OK Diner display and a huge yard sign for a tiny church: AME Zion. If he succeeded in getting out that's where he would head: to Zion. Still, before escape, he would have to get shoes somehow, someway. Walking anywhere in winter without shoes would guarantee his being arrested and back in the ward until he could be sentenced for vagrancy. Interesting law, vagrancy, meaning standing outside or walking without purpose anywhere. Carrying a book would help, but being barefoot would contradict "purposefulness" and seal a complaint of "loitering."

Better than most, he knew that being outside wasn't necessary for legal or illegal disruption. You could be inside, living in your own house for years and still men with or without badges but always guns could force you, your family, your neighbors to pack up and move—with or without shoes. Twenty years ago, as a four year old, he had a pair though the sole of one flapped with every step.

Residents of fifteen houses had been ordered to leave their little neighborhood on the edge of tk town. Twenty-four hours, they were told, or else. "Else" meaning "die". In spite of the threats from men, both hooded and not, and pleadings from neighbors, one elderly man named Crawford, refused to vacate. At the twenty-fourth hour he was beaten to death with clubs, rifle butts and tied to the oldest magnolia tree in the county—the one that grew in his own yard. Maybe it was loving that tree, which he said his great grandmother planted, that made him so stubborn. In the dark of night, some of the fleeing neighbors snuck back to untie him and bury him beneath his beloved magnolia.

So shoes were vital. Four a.m., before sunrise, he managed to loosen the canvas cuffs and unshackle himself. He put on his pants and jacket, crept down the hall. Except for the weeping from the room next to the exit, all was quiet—no squeak of an orderly's shoes, or smothered giggles and no smell of cigarette smoke. The hinges groaned when he opened the door and the cold hit him like a hammer.

The iced iron of the fire escape steps was so painful he jumped over the railing to sink his feet into the warmer snow on the ground. Maniac moonlight doing the work of absent stars, matched his desperate frenzy. Lighting his hunched shoulders and footsteps left in the snow. Holding his collar tight at his throat, avoiding shoveled pavement for curb-snow, he ran the six blocks as quickly as hospital drug residue would let him to the parsonage of AME Zion, a small two-story clapboard. The steps to the porch were thoroughly cleared of snow, but the house was dark. He knocked, hard, he thought, considering how stiff his hands were,



but not threatening like the bam bam of a citizen's group, or a mob or the police. Insistence paid off; a light came on and the door opened a slit, revealing a gray-haired man in flannel robe, holding his glasses and frowning at the impudence of a pre-dawn visitor.

He wanted to say "Good evening," or his name, but his body shook violently like a victim of St. Vitus Dance and his teeth chattered so uncontrollably he could not make a sound. The man at the door took in the full measure of his shaking visitor, then stepped back to let him in.

"Jean! Jean!" He turned to direct his voice up the stairs before motioning the visitor inside. "Good Lord," he mumbled, pushing the door closed. "You a mess."

He tried to smile and failed.

"My name is Locke, Reverend John Locke. Yours?"

"Frank. Frank Money."

"You from down the street? At that hospital?"

Frank nodded while stamping his feet and trying to rub life back into his fingers.

Reverend Locke grunted. "Have a seat," he said, then shaking his head, added "You lucky, Mr. Money. They sell a lot of bodies out of there."

"Sell?"

"Uh huh. To the medical school."

"Why? What for?"

"Well, you know, doctors need to work on the dead poor so they can help the live rich."

"John, stop." Jean Locke came down the stairs tightening the belt of her robe. "That's just foolishness."

"This is my wife," said Locke. "And while she's sweet as honey, she's also wrong."

"Evening, ma'am. I'm sorry to..." Frank stood.

She cut him off. "No need for that. Keep your seat," she said and disappeared into the kitchen.

Frank did as told. Except for the absence of wind, the house was hardly less chilly than outside, and the plastic slip covers stretched taught over the sofa did not help.

"Where you headed, brother?" asked Locke. He was still standing with his hands behind his back.

"Georgia."

"You don't say. That's quite a ways. Does Brother Money have any?" Locke smiled at his little wit.

"Had some when they picked me up," Frank answered, although he could not remember how much Lily had handed him.

"But it's gone now, right?" Locke squinted. "Police looking for you?"



"No." said Frank. "No, sir. They just hustled me up and put me in the crazy ward." He cupped his hands before his mouth and breathed on them. "I don't think they brought any charges."

"You wouldn't know if they did."

Jean Locke returned with a basin of cold water. "Put your feet in here. It's cold but you don't want them to heat up too fast."

Frank sank his feet into the water, sighing "Thanks."

"What'd they get you for? The police." Locke asked.

What indeed. It was beyond him. He couldn't explain it to himself, let alone someone else. Was he screaming? Hollering at some passerby, some schoolchildren? Was he banging his head on a cement wall or hiding behind bushes in somebody's back yard?

"Acting up," he said. "Something like that." He <sup>really</sup> could not remember. Had he thrown himself <sup>on the ground</sup> behind a truck at the sudden sound of backfire? Perhaps he was peeing off a curb or weeping before trees—apologizing to them for acts he had never committed.

"How long you been back?" Reverend Locke was still standing. His face softened.

Frank raised his head. "How'd you know? A year, about."

Locke shook his head and was about to speak when Jean came back with a cup and a plate of crackers. "It's just hot water with lots of salt in it," she said.

Frank sipped and then gulped down the rest. When Jean brought him more, her husband said, "Jean, look and see what's in the poor box."

"He needs shoes, too, John."

There were none to spare, so they put four pair of socks and some ripped galoshes next to the sofa.

"Get some sleep, brother. You got a rocky journey ahead and I don't just mean Georgia."

Frank fell asleep between a wool blanket and the plastic slipcovers and dreamed a terrible dream that ended in fire. He

<sup>in sunlight</sup>  
woke to the smell of toast ~~and biting sunlight~~. It took a while,  
longer than it should have, to register where he was. The residue  
of two days' hospital drugging was leaving but slowly. Wherever  
he was, he was grateful the sun's dazzle did not hurt his head. He  
sat up and noticed socks folded neatly on the rug. Then he heard  
murmurs from another room. Staring at the socks, it all came into  
focus: the hospital escape, the freezing run, finally Reverend Locke.  
So he was ready, back in the real world when Locke came in and  
asked how four hours of sleep felt.

"Like heaven," said Frank.

Locke showed him where the bathroom was and placed  
shaving kit and hairbrush on the sink edge. Shod and cleaned up,  
Frank sat down at the enamel-topped table and ate a breakfast of  
oatmeal and over-buttered toast. In the center of the table lay three  
one-dollar bills and a wash of coins. It could have been a poker  
pot, except it seemed far more hard-won: dimes slipped from small  
coin purses; nickels reluctantly given up by children who had other



(sweeter) plans for them; the dollar bills representing the generosity of a whole family.

"Seventeen dollars," said Locke. "That's more than enough for a bus ticket to St Louis. It won't get you on the train to Georgia but when you get to St Louis, here's what you do."

He instructed Frank to get in touch with a Reverend Jessie Maynard pastor of a Baptist church ~~on tk street~~, and that he would call ahead and tell him to look out for another one.

"Another one?"

"Well, you not the first by a long shot. An integrated army is integrated misery. You all go fight, come back, they treat you like dogs. Change that. They treat dogs better."

Frank stared at him, but didn't say anything. The army hadn't treated him so bad. It wasn't their fault he went ~~ape-shit~~ every now and then. As a matter of fact the discharge doctors had been thoughtful and kind, telling him the craziness would leave in time.

They knew all about it, but assured him it would pass. Just stay away from alcohol, they said. Which he didn't. Couldn't. Until he met Lily.

Locke handed Frank a flap torn from an envelope with Maynard's address and warned him to cross the river into East St. Louis as fast as he could; that Maynard had a big congregation and could offer more help than his own small flock.

Jean had packed six cheese sandwiches and three oranges into a grocery bag, handed it to him along with a watch cap. Frank put on the cap, thanked her and, peering into the bag, asked, "How long a trip is it?"

"Don't matter," said Locke. "You'll be grateful for every bite since you won't be able to sit down at any bus stop counter. Come on, now. I'll drive you."

At the ticket window, Locke converted the coins into paper money and bought Frank's ticket. Standing in front of the

Greyhound's door, he turned to Reverend Locke and held out his hand. As the men shook hands they held each other's eyes, saying nothing and everything, as though 'goodbye' meant what it once did: God be with you.

There were very few passengers, yet Frank dutifully sat in the last seat, trying to shrink his 6' 3" body and holding the sandwich bag close. From the windows, through the fur of snow, the landscape became more melancholy when the sun successfully brightened the empty trees, the lonesome houses with little red wagons upside down in snow-mushed yards. Only the 1952 trucks looked alive. As he mused about what it might be like in those houses, he could imagine nothing at all. Again, as was almost always the case when he was alone and sober, whatever the surroundings, he saw a boy pushing his entrails back in, holding them in his palms like a fortune's teller's globe shattering with bad news; or he heard a boy with only the bottom half of his face intact, the lips calling mama. And he was stepping over them, around



them to stay alive, to keep his own face from dissolving, his own  
 guts under that oh so thin <sup>sheet</sup> ~~cover~~ of flesh. They never went away,  
 these pictures, or others even worse. Except with Lily. He chose not  
 to think of this trip as a breakup. A pause, he hoped. Yet it was  
 hard to ignore what keeping her company had become: <sup>(over)</sup> the buzz  
 of ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> disappointment defined the silence. He was not at all sure he  
 could live without her. It wasn't <sup>entering what he called the Kingdom between</sup> just the love-making. Sleeping with <sup>her legs</sup>  
 the girl-weight of her arm on his chest, the nightmares quieted.  
 Waking up his first thought was not the welcome sting of whiskey.  
 Most important, he was no longer attracted to other women—  
 whether they were openly flirting, or on display for their own  
 private pleasure. He didn't rank them against Lily; he simply saw  
 them as people. Only with Lily, whom he'd left behind, had the  
 pictures faded, moved behind a screen in his brain, yes, but  
 waiting, waiting and accusing. Why didn't you help him? Pull him  
 along the way you did Mike? And all that killing you did  
 afterwards? Women running, dragging children along? And that

And a tired cruelty laced her  
speech And

old one-legged man on a crutch hobbling at the edge of the road so as not to slow down the other, swifter ones? You blew a hole in his head because it would make up for the frosted urine on Mike's pants and avenge the lips calling mama. Did it? Did it work? And the girls. What did they ever do to you to deserve what you did to them? All unasked questions multiplying like mould in the shadows of the photographs he saw. Before Lily. Before seeing her stand on a chair, stretch, reach up to a high shelf in her cupboard <sup>to get</sup> for something she needed for the meal she was preparing for him. Their first. He should have jumped up, pulled what it was <sup>from</sup> off the shelf. But he did not. He could not take his eyes away from the backs of her knees. As she stretched, her dress of a soft cotton-y flowered fabric, rose up exposing that seldom seen, <sup>000-</sup> ~~oh~~ so vulnerable flesh. And for a reason he still did not understand, he began to cry. Love, plain, simple and so fast it shattered him.

There was no love from Jessie Maynard in tk. Help, yes. But the contempt was glacial. The Reverend was devoted to the needy,



apparently, but only if they were properly clothed and not a young  
 hale, 6'3" veteran. He kept Frank on the back porch, near the  
 driveway where a green Cadillac lurked, and smiled knowingly as  
 he said, by way of apology, "My daughters are inside the house."

It was an insult tax levied on the supplicant for an overcoat,  
 sweater and five ten-dollar bills.

*More than enough to get to  
 Chicago.*

~~Desperation to get to Georgia increased his~~ anxiety about

whether he would have another incident: uncontrollable, suspicious,  
<sup>was shrinking</sup>  
 destructive and illegal. It took a while, but now he could tell when

<sup>a break</sup>  
 it was coming. The first time it happened in San Diego—just off the

ship—he was quiet, just sitting on a bus next to a brightly dressed  
 woman. Her flowered skirt was a world's worth of color. Her

blouse a loud red. Frank watched the flowers at the hem of her  
 skirt blackening and her red blouse draining of color until it was

white as milk. Then everybody, everything. Outside the window—  
 trees, sky, a boy on a scooter, grass, hedges. All color gone like a  
 black and white movie screen. He didn't yell then because he

thought something bad was happening to his eyes. Bad, but fixable. He wondered if this was how dogs or cats or wolves saw the world. At the next stop he got off and walked toward a Chevron station, its black flames shooting out from the V. He wanted to get into the bathroom, look in the mirror to see if he had an eye infection, but the sign on the door stopped him. The sun hurt him. Its mean light drove him to look for shade. Still he didn't shout, didn't smash anything, didn't accost strangers. That came later when the <sup>shame</sup>~~pain~~ wouldn't stop nor the fury. Now, if the signs gave notice, he could tell when it started and hurry up and hide.

Signaled by a red cap, he entered a passenger car, pushed through the green separation curtain and found a window seat. The train's rocking and singing rails soothed him into a sleep so sound he missed the beginning of the riot, but not its end. He woke to the sobbing of a young woman being comforted by white-jacketed waiters. One of them nestled a pillow behind her head; another gave her a stack of linen napkins for her tears and the

blood pouring from her nose. Next to her, looking away, was her silent, seething husband—his face a skull of shame and its partner, rigid anger.

When a porter passed by, Frank touched his arm, asking  
"What happened?"

"You didn't see that?"

"No. What was it?"

"That there is the husband. He got off at the stop to buy some coffee or something back there." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "The owner or customers or both kicked him out. Actually. Put their feet in his butt and knocked him down, kicked some more and when his lady came to help, she got a rock thrown in her face. We got them back in the car, but the crowd kept the yelling up till we pulled away. Look," he said. "See that?" He pointed to egg yolks, not sliding now but stuck like phlegm to the window.



"Anybody report to the conductor?" Frank asked him.

"You crazy?"

"Probably."

tk

The porter, whose nametag said Taylor, chuckled. "You want a shot? I got some Johnny Red in my case."

"Yeah. Oh, yeah."

Frank's taste buds, uninterested in cheese sandwiches or fruit, came alive at the mention of whiskey. Just a shot. Just enough to settle and sweeten the world. No more.

The wait seemed long and just when Frank was convinced the porter had forgotten, Taylor returned with a teacup, saucer and napkin. Johnny Red trembled invitingly in the thick white cup.

"Enjoy," said Taylor, then rocked along the aisle to the sway of the train.

The abused couple whispered to each other, she softly, pleadingly; he with urgency. He will beat her when they get home, thought Frank. And who wouldn't? It's one thing to be publically humiliated. A man could move on from that. What was intolerable was the witness of a woman, a wife, who not only saw it, but had dared to try to rescue, rescue! him. He couldn't protect himself and he couldn't protect her either, as the rock in her face proved. She would have to pay for that bloody nose. Over and over again.

By the time he stepped off the train he was calm enough, but the station noise was so abrasive, he reached for his side arm. It wasn't there, of course, so he leaned against a steel support until the panic died down.

Two hours later he was scooping up navy beans and buttering corn bread. Taylor, the porter, had been right. <sup>Sookie's</sup> TK was not only a good and cheap place to eat, its company—diners, counter help, waitresses, loud cooks—was welcoming and high-spirited. Laborers and the idle, mothers and street women, all ate and drank with the

ease of family in their own kitchens. It was that quick, down home friendliness that led Frank to talk freely to the man on the stool next to his.

"Watson. Billy Watson." He held out his hand.

"Frank Money."

"Where you from, Frank?"

"Aw, man. San Diego, Seattle, Georgia. Name it I'm from it."

"You looking to be from here, too?"

"No. I'm headed on back to Georgia."

"Georgia?" The waitress shouted. "I got people in Macon. No good memories about that place. We hid in an abandoned house for half a year."

"Hid from what?"

"The rent man."



"Why him?"

"Oh, please. It was 1938."

Up and down the counter there was laughter. Knowing laughter that defended, protected and strengthened.

Billy Watson invited Frank to his house. "Stay over. Meet my family. You can't leave tonight anyway."  
(over)  
Tk

Billy's son, Thomas, raised his good arm to shake hands. The other arm sagged at his side.

When, later, Frank asked what happened to his son's arm, Buddy arranged his hands in rifle position. "Drive by cop," he said. "He had a cap pistol. Eight years old, running up and down the sidewalk pointing it. Some red neck rookie thought his dick was under appreciated by his brother cops."

"You can't just shoot a kid," said Frank.

"True," said Frank.

"I'll get you to the station on my way to work.  
You taking a bus south or the  
train? Bus is cheaper."

"Train, man. Long as there're porters  
~~a~~ (BSCP) that's how I <sup>want to</sup> travel."

"They <sup>sure</sup> make good money. Four  
hundred, five hundred a month  
plus tips."

"In Chicago? Man, we lucky to be alive. Besides, the bad arm kept him off the streets and in the class room. He's a math wiz. Wins competitions all over. Scholarships pouring in."

"So the boy cop did him a favor."

"No. No, no, no. Jesus stepped in and did that. He said, 'Hold on there Mr. Police Guy. Don't hurt the least of mine. He who harms the least of mine disturbs the tranquility of my mind.'"

Beautiful, thought Frank. Bible stuff works every time every place—outside the fire zone, that is. "Jesus. Jesus!" That's what Mike said. Red yelled it too. "Jesus, God Almighty, I'm fucked, Frank, Jesus, help me."

Tk Dancing, wife, music, neighbors.

The math wiz had no objection to sleeping on the sofa and letting his father's new friend have his bed. Settling down into darkness shaped by the street lit edges of the window shades, Frank hoped sobriety would not subject him to those <sup>same</sup> routine, but



awful, dreams. Sleep came too quickly to be noticed, but a few hours into it, he woke to the sound of a click like the pull of a trigger from a gun minus ammo. Frank sat up. Nothing stirred.

Then the outline of a small man in a wide-brimmed hat appeared outlined by the frame of light at the window. Frank <sup>turned on</sup> ~~reached~~ <sup>rk</sup> for the bedside lamp. The glow revealed a little sad-faced man in a light blue zoot suit. "Hey, <sup>the hell are</sup> ~~What?~~ <sup>you're</sup> Who ~~are~~ you? What you want?" Frank stood and moved toward the figure. Three steps toward him, the zoot suit man disappeared.

Frank went back to bed, thinking the sighting was not all that bad, compared to others he'd had. <sup>(over)</sup> ~~Comic~~ <sup>Comic</sup>, in a way. He had heard about those suits, but never saw anybody wearing one. If cartoon was the medium and manhood was the message he would have preferred a loin cloth and some white paint artfully smeared on forehead and cheeks. Holding a spear, of course. But the zoot suiters chose another costume: wide shoulders, wide brimmed hats, watch chains, pants ballooned and chest high.

NO guts, NO dogs <sup>or birds</sup> eating remains.  
This one, a <sup>strange</sup> little man, WAS

tk

3.

~~WRITE WHAT YOU WANT, BUT EVEN I, A FOUR YEAR OLD,~~  
~~KNEW~~ MAMA WAS PREGNANT WHEN WE WALKED OUT OF  
TEXAS. <sup>One or two</sup> ~~SOME~~ FAMILIES HAD TRUCKS OR CARS AND LOADED  
ALL THEY COULD. OTHERS, LIKE MINE, WALKED FOR MILES  
UNTIL MR. <sup>Gardener</sup> TK CAME BACK FOR US AFTER DROPPING HIS  
PEOPLE AT THE STATE LINE. <sup>the sole of my shoe</sup> ~~MY SHOE SOLE~~ FLAPPED UNTIL  
PAPA TIED IT UP WITH HIS OWN SHOE LACE. I HAVE EATEN

Bandera  
County



TRASH IN JAIL, KOREA, HOSPITALS, AT TABLE AND FROM CERTAIN GARBAGE CANS. NOTHING, HOWEVER, COMPARES TO THE FOOD PANTRY IN TK . WRITE ABOUT THAT, WHY DON'T YOU? I REMEMBER STANDING IN LINE AT CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER WAITING FOR A TIN PLATE OF DRY, HARD CHEESE ALREADY SHOWING GREEN, PICKLED PIGS' FEET—ITS VINEGAR SOAKING STALE WHITE BREAD. IT WAS THERE THAT MAMA HEARD THE WOMAN AHEAD OF HER EXPLAIN TO THE VOLUNTEER HOW TO SPELL AND PRONOUNCE HER NAME. MAMA SAID IT WAS THE SWEETEST THING AND THE SOUND OF THE NAME WAS LIKE MUSIC AMIDST THE ARGUE AND HEAT OF THE CROWD. X WEEKS LATER WHEN HER BABY, DELIVERED ON A MATTRESS IN REVEREND BAILEY'S CHURCH BASEMENT, TURNED OUT TO BE A GIRL MAMA NAMED HER YCIDRA, TAKING CARE TO PRONOUNCE ALL THREE SYLLABLES. OF COURSE, SHE WAITED THE NINE DAYS BEFORE NAMING, LEST DEATH NOTICED FRESH LIFE AND ATE IT. EVERYBODY BUT

MAMA CALLS HER 'CEE'. I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS NICE,  
HOW SHE THOUGHT ABOUT THE NAME, TREASURED IT. AS  
FOR ME, NO SUCH MEMORIES. I AM NAMED FRANK AFTER  
MY FATHER'S BROTHER. LUTHER IS MY FATHER'S NAME; IDA  
MY MOTHER'S. THE ~~ONLY~~ INTERESTING PART IS OUR LAST  
NAME. MONEY. OF WHICH WE HAD NONE.

4.

A mean grandmother is one of the worst things a girl could have. Mamas are supposed to spank and rule you so you grow up knowing right from wrong. Grandmothers, even when they've been hard on their own children, are forgiving and generous to the grandchildren. Ain't that so?

Cee stood up in the zinc tub and took a few dripping steps to the stove where a kettle of hot water hissed. She poured it into the cooling tub water and sat back down in it. She wanted to linger in water while a softly suffering afternoon light encouraged her thoughts to tumble. Regrets, excuses, righteousness, false memory and future plans mixed together or stood like soldiers in line. Well, that's the way grandmothers should be, she thought, but for little Ycidra Money it wasn't like that at all. Because Mama and Papa worked from before sunrise until dark, they never knew that Miss Noella poured water instead of milk over the shredded wheat Cee



and her brother ate for breakfast. Nor that when they had stripes and welts on their legs they were cautioned to lie, to say they got them by playing out by the stream where brambles and huckleberry thorns grew. Even grandfather Salem was silent. Frank said it was because he was scared Miss Noella would leave him the way his first two wives did. Noella, who had collected a five hundred dollar life insurance payment upon her first husband's death, was a serious catch for an old, unemployable man. Besides, she had a 1939 Ford and owned her house. She was so valuable to Salem Money he never made a sound when the salt pork was halved for the two of them and all the children got was its flavor. Well, yes, the grandparents were doing them a big favor letting some homeless relatives live in their house after the family got run out of Texas. She herself was born on the road, which Noella took as a very bad sign for the new baby's future. Decent women, she said, delivered babies at home, in a bed attended to by good Christian women who knew what to do. Although only whores went to

hospitals, at least they had a roof overhead when their baby came.

Being born in the street, or the gutter as she sometimes put it, was  
<sup>Sinful,</sup>  
 prelude to a worthless life.

The house was big enough for two, maybe three, but not for grandparents plus Papa, Mama, Uncle Frank, and two children—one a howling baby. Over the years, the discomfort of the crowded house increased, and Noella, who believed herself superior to everybody else in Lotus, chose to focus her resentment on the little girl born 'in the street.' A frown in every glance when she entered, the lips turned down at every drop of a spoon, trip on the door sill, loosening braid. Most of all, the murmur of "gutter child," as she walked away from a failing that was always on display with her granddaughter. <sup>During</sup> For those years Cee slept with her parents <sup>the</sup> on a <sup>rather</sup> floor pallet <sup>hardly better</sup> than the pine slats underneath <sup>used</sup> Uncle Frank in two chairs put together; young Frank slept on the back porch, <sup>on</sup> either in the hammock <sup>or</sup> the slanty wooden swing, even when it rained. Her parents, Luther and Ida, worked two jobs each—Ida picking cotton in the day and

sweeping the lumber shacks in the evening. Luther and Uncle Frank were field workers for Jeffery planters and very happy to have jobs since most of the young men over there had enlisted in the war and when it was over didn't come back to work cotton or lumber. Then Uncle Frank enlisted too. He got in the navy as a cook and glad about that because he didn't have to handle explosives. But his ship sank anyway and Miss Noella hung the Gold star in the window as though she, and not one of Salem's ex-wives, was the honorable mother who had lost a son. Ida's job at the lumber yard gave her ~~the asthma that finally killed her~~, but it paid off because at <sup>three</sup> <sup>with Noella</sup> the end of ~~that~~ <sup>s</sup> year <sup>h</sup> they were able to rent a place from Old Man Shepherd who drove in from Jeffrey every Saturday morning to collect the rent.

Cee remembered the relief and the pride they all took having their own garden and their own laying hens. She remembered everybody, except Noella, as open-handed but stern. A stranger coming through <sup>they</sup> ~~we~~ welcomed even, or especially, <sup>if</sup> ~~is~~ he was



running from the law. Like that man, bloody and scared, that they washed up, fed and led away on a mule. It was nice having their own house. There they could let Mr. Haywood put them on his monthly list of people who needed supplies from the general store in Jeffrey. Sometimes he would bring back chewing gum and mint balls, free, for the children. Jeffrey had the sidewalks, running water, <sup>a post office,</sup> stores ~~and~~ a bank and a school. Lotus was separate, with no sidewalks or indoor plumbing, just houses and two churches, one of which a teacher <sup>teaching</sup> used for reading and arithmetic. <sup>C</sup> See thought it would have been better if there were more books to read—not just Grimm's Fairy Tales, and a book of Bible passages for young people.

That, she believed, was the reason she married a rat. If she hadn't been so ignorant living in a no-count, not-even-a-town, place with only chores, church, and nothing else to do, she would have known better. Watched, watched, watched by every grown up from sunrise to sunset and ordered about by not only Noella but

every adult in town. Come here, girl, don't you know how to sew?  
Yes mam. Then why is your hem hanging like that? Yes, mam. I  
mean no Mam. Is that lipstick on your mouth? No mam. What  
then? Cherries, mam, I ate some....Cherries, my foot. Wipe your  
mouth. Come down from that tree, you hear me? Tie your shoes,  
put down that rag doll and pick up a broom, uncross your legs go  
weed that garden don't you talk back to me. When Cee and a few  
other girls reached fourteen and started talking about boys, she  
was prevented from any real flirtation because of her big brother,  
Frank. The boys knew she was off limits because of him. That's  
why when Frank reached eighteen, enlisted and left town, she fell  
for what Noella called the first thing she saw wearing trousers  
instead of overalls.

His name was Principal but he called himself Prince. A visitor  
from Atlanta to his aunt's house, he was a good-looking new face  
with shiny, thin-soled shoes. All the girls were impressed with his

big city accent and what they believed was his knowledge and experience. Cee most of all.

Now, splashing water on her shoulders, she wondered for the umpteenth time why she didn't at least ask the aunt he was visiting why he was sent to the backwoods instead of spending the winter in the big, bad city. But feeling the space where her brother had been, she had no defense. That's the other side, she thought, of having a smart, tough brother close at hand to take care of and protect you—you are slow to develop your own brain muscle. Besides, Prince loved himself so deeply, so completely, it was impossible to doubt his conviction. So if Prince said she was pretty, she believed him. If he said at fourteen she was a woman, she believed that too. And if he said I want you for myself, it was Noella who said, "Not unless y'all are legal." Whatever legal meant. Ycidra didn't even have a birth certificate and the courthouse was over a hundred miles away. So they had Reverend Pike come over and bless them, write their names in a huge book



before walking back to her parents' house. Frank had enlisted so his bed was where they slept and where the great thing people warned about or giggled about took place. It was not so much painful as dull. Cee thought it would get better later. Better turned out to be simply more and while the quantity increased, its pleasure lay in its brevity.

There was no job in or around Lotus Prince allowed himself to take so he took her to Atlanta. Cee looked forward to a shiny life in the city and when, after a few weeks of ogling at water coming from the turn of a spigot, inside toilets free of flies, street lights shining more regularly than the sun and as lovely as fireflies, women in high heels and gorgeous hats trotting to church two, sometimes three times a day—following the grateful joy of the pretty dress Prince bought her and weeks of dumbfounded delight, she learned that Principal had married her for an automobile.

Noella had bought a used station wagon from Shepherd the rent man and, since Salem couldn't drive, Noella gave her old

1939 Ford to Luther and Ida—with the caution that they give it back if the station wagon broke down. A few times Luther let Prince use the Ford on errands: trips to the post office in Jeffrey for mail to or from wherever Frank was stationed, first Kentucky, then Korea. Once he drove to town for throat medicine for Ida when her breathing problems got worse. Having easy access to the Ford suited everyone because Prince washed away the eternal road dust that floured it; changed plugs, oil and never gave lifts to the boys who begged to join him in the car. It was natural for Luther to agree to let the couple drive it to Atlanta, since they promised to return it in a few weeks.

Never happened.

She was all alone now, sitting in a zinc tub defying heat with warm water while Prince was cruising around with his thin-soled shoes pressing the gas pedal in Chicago or New York, for all she knew. When Prince left her to her own devices, Cee rented a cheaper room on a quiet street, a room with kitchen privileges and

use of a washing machine. Thelma, who lived upstairs, became a friend and helped her get a job dishwashing at Bobby's Rib House fusing the friendship with blunt counsel.

"No fool, like a country fool. Why don't you go back to your folks?"

"Without the car?" Lord, thought Cee. Noella might have her arrested.

Ycidra agreed with Thelma, <sup>on her foolishness</sup> but more than anything she wanted desperately to talk to <sup>her brother</sup> Frank. Her letters to him were about weather and Lotus gossip. Devious. But she knew that if she could see him, tell him, he would not laugh at her, quarrel, or condemn. He would, as always, protect her from a bad situation. Like the time he, Mike and some other boys were playing softball in a field. <sup>G</sup> See sat nearby, leaning on a butternut tree. The boys' game bored her. She glanced at the players intermittently, focused intently on the cherry red polish she was picking from her nails, hoping to remove it all before Noella could berate her for



'flaunting' her little hussy self. She looked up and saw Frank leaving the mound with his bat only because others were yelling. "Where you going, man?" "Hey, hey. You out?" He walked slowly away from the field and disappeared into the surrounding trees. Circling, she later learned. Suddenly he was behind the tree she leaned against swinging his bat twice into the legs of a man she had not even noticed standing behind the tree. Mike and the others ran to see what she had not. Then they all ran, Frank dragging her by the arm—not even looking back. She had questions: "What happened? Who was that?" The boys didn't answer. They simply muttered curses. Hours later, Frank explained. The man wasn't from Lotus, he told her, and had been hiding behind the tree flashing her. When she pressed her brother to define "flashing", and he did so, Cee began to tremble. Frank put one hand on top of her head, the other at her nape. His fingers, like balm, stopped the trembling and the chill that accompanied it. She followed Frank's advice always: recognized poisonous berries, learned to

shout when in snake territory, the medicinal uses of spider webs.

His instructions were specific, his cautions clear.

But he never warned her about rats.

Four barnyard swallows gathered on the lawn below. Politely  
equidistant from each other they peck-searched <sup>in pale</sup> ~~through blades of~~  
drying grass. Then, as if summoned, all four flew up in a tk tree.

The quiet seemed to slither, then boom, / Its weight more theatrical  
than noise. It was like the quiet of the Lotus house afternoon and  
evening as she and her brother figured out what to eat, do or talk  
about. Their parents worked sixteen hours and were hardly there.  
So they invented escapades, or investigated surrounding territory.

Even when Frank was with friends, Mike and Stuff, he let her tag  
along <sup>(cover)</sup> [Cee, towel-wrapped, went to the window and raised it to  
just below the place where the screen was torn,] ~~remembering how~~

unwelcome drop-in visits to her grandparents' house were, unless  
Noella needed <sup>her</sup> ~~them~~ for chores. Salem was <sup>no fun either</sup> ~~uninspiring~~ since he  
was mute about everything except his meals. His enthusiasm was

A relief as well as a kind of pride,  
~~accompanying~~ ~~spending~~ ~~off~~ with the boys. Jumping  
rope with girlfriends was never as much  
excitement as watching boys at play.  
What else was there?



playing checkers with some other old men. <sup>(over)</sup> Noella was the wicked witch. Frank and Cee, like some forgotten Hansel and Gretel, locked hands as they navigated the silence and tried to imagine a future.

Standing at the window wrapped in a scratchy towel, Cee felt her heart breaking. If Frank were there he would once more touch the back of her neck with four fingers, or stroke her nape with his thumb. Don't cry, said the fingers; the welts will disappear. Don't cry; Mama is tired; she didn't mean it. Don't cry, don't cry girl; I'm right here. But he wasn't there or anywhere near. In the photograph he'd sent home, a smiling warrior in a uniform holding a rifle, he looked as though he belonged to something else, something beyond and unlike Georgia. Months after he was discharged, he sent a two-cent postcard to say where he lived. Cee wrote back:

Hello brother how are you I am fine. I got a ok job in a restaurant but looking for a better one. Write back when you can

Sincerely

Now she stood, alone, her body already throwing off the good the tub soak had done and beginning to sweat. She toweled the damp under her breasts then wiped perspiration from her forehead. She raised the window <sup>to just below a</sup> ~~above the~~ <sup>IN the</sup> screen ~~tear~~. The swallows were back bringing with them a light breeze and an odor of sage growing at the edge of the yard. Cee watched, thinking, so this is what they mean in those sad, sweet songs. 'When I lost my baby I almost lost my mind....' Except the songs were about lost love. What she felt was bigger than that. She was broken. Not broken up but broken down, down into her separate parts.

Cooled, finally, she unhooked the dress Principal had bought her their second day in Atlanta. Its rayon-silky touch still pleased her as did its riot of blue dahlias on a white background. Once dressed, she dragged the tub through the kitchen and out the back

door. Slowly, carefully she rationed the bath water onto the wilted grass; a half bucketful here, a little more there, taking care to let her feet but not her dress get wet.

Gnats buzzed over a bowl of black grapes on the kitchen table. Cee waved them away, rinsed the fruit and sat down to munch them while she thought about her situation: today was Monday; she had six dollars; rent due at month's end was twice that. Next Friday she was to be paid eight dollars. So, fifteen dollars total, minus twelve, left her three dollars for everything else: shoe repair, bus fare, sanitary napkins, a fifteen cent movie in a ~~[colored only]~~ balcony seat. Fortunately on her job she could eat for free. Solution: more work—a second job or another one.

For that, she needed to see Thelma, her upstairs neighbor. Without knocking, Cee opened the door and found her friend rinsing dishes at the sink.

"I saw you out there. You think sloshing dirty water is going to green up that yard?"



"Can't hurt."

"Yes, it can." Thelma wiped her hands. "Mosquitoes be doing their blood dance the whole night long. All they need is a smell of water."

"Sorry."

"I don't doubt that." Thelma patted her apron pocket for a pack of Camels. Lighting one, she eyed her friend. "That's a pretty dress. Where'd you get it?" They both moved to the living room and plopped down on the sofa.

"Prince bought it for me when we first moved here."

"Prince." Thelma snorted. "You mean Frog. I've seen no-  
counts by the truckload. Never saw anybody more useless than  
him. Do you even know where he is?"

"No."

"You want to?"

"No."

"Well thank the Lord for that."

"I need a job, Thelma."

"You got one. Don't tell me you quit Bobby's?"

"No. But I need something better. Better paying. After I pay the rent I have to eat at the restaurant, whether I want to or not."

"Bobby's food is the best. You can't eat anywhere better."

"I know, but I need a real job where I can save. And no, I'm not going back to Lotus."

"Can't fault you for that. Your family is crazy."

"Mean, maybe. Not crazy."

<sup>Oh,</sup>  
"Yeah? Named you Ycidra. That is mean."

"Thelma?" Cee rested her elbows on her knees, and turned pleading eyes to her friend. "Please?"

"Ok. Ok. Well, you just might be in luck. Just so happens I heard about something couple weeks ago when I was in the beauty shop."

"What?"

"A couple in tk—just outside the city—they need a second."

<sup>SECOND</sup>  
"A what?"  
^

"They got a cook-housekeeper, but they want a maid-type person to help the husband. He's a doctor. Nice people."

"You mean like a nurse?"

"No. A helper. I don't know. Bandages and iodine I guess. His office is in the house, the woman said. So you'd live in. She said the pay was good as any, but since it was rent free, that made all the difference."

TK

Sarah Williams, the housekeeper opened the door. Reaching for Cee's shopping bag, she smiled. "Step on in. The doctor's wife will see you shortly. My name is Sarah."



"Thank you. Can I take off these shoes for a second?"

Sarah laughed. "Who ever invented high heels won't be happy till the cripple us."

Tk

"Can you tell me what-all I have to do?"

"Mrs. Scott will tell you some, but the doctor himself is the only one who really knows."

After a glass of cold water, and a bathroom freshening, Cee put her shoes back on and followed Sarah into a living room that seemed to her more beautiful than a movie house. Cool air, plum colored velvet furniture, filtered light through heavy laced curtains. Mrs. Scott, her hands resting on a tiny pillow, her ankles crossed, nodded and invited Cee to sit.

"Cee, is it?" Her voice was like music.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Born here? Atlanta?"

"No. Ma'am. I'm from a little place <sup>west</sup> south of here, called Lotus."

"Any children?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Married?"

"No, Ma'am."

"What church affiliation? Any?"

"There's Assembly of God in Lotus but, I..."

"They jump around?"

"Ma'am?"

"Never mind. You will be assisting the doctor, you know. Did you graduate from high school?"

"No, ma'am."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Count?"

"Oh, yes. I worked a cash register."

"That's not what I asked you."

"I can count ma'am."

"You may not need to. I don't really understand or care to  
my husband's work. He is more than a doctor; he is a scientist  
and conducts very important experiments. Sarah will show  
you to your room."



Passing of the Great Race (i.e.)

5.

WOMEN ARE EAGER TO TALK TO ME WHEN THEY HEAR MY  
LAST NAME. MONEY? THEY CHUCKLE AND ASK THE SAME  
QUESTION: WHO NAMED ME THAT OR IF ANYBODY DID. IF I

MADE IT UP TO MAKE MYSELF FEEL IMPORTANT OR WAS I A GAMBLER OR THIEF OR SOME OTHER KIND OF CROOK THEY SHOULD WATCH OUT FOR? WHEN I TELL THEM MY WHOLE NAME, FIRST AND LAST, THEY SCREAM WITH LAUGHTER AND SAY: THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING. ALL MONEY IS FAKE. NO END OF PLEASANT TALK AFTER THAT AND IT'S ENOUGH TO KEEP OUR FRIENDSHIP GOING WAY AFTER IT'S DRIED UP JUST SO THEY CAN MAKE LAME JOKES: HEY, MONEY, HOW YOU MAKING IT? HEY, MONEY! GOT SOME? MONEY, COME ON OVER HERE. YOU OWE ME.

TRUTHFULLY, OTHER THAN A FEW QUICK OPPORTUNITIES, I'VE KNOWN ONLY FOUR WOMEN. THREE OF THEM WERE SERIOUS RELATIONSHIPS AND I LIKED THE SMALL BREAKABLE THING INSIDE EACH ONE. WHATEVER THEIR PERSONALITY, SMARTS OR LOOKS, SOMETHING SOFT LAY INSIDE EACH. LIKE A BIRD'S BREASTBONE, SHAPED AND CHOSEN TO WISH ON. A LITTLE V, THINNER THAN BONE AND BARELY HINGED, THAT I



COULD BREAK WITH A FOREFINGER IF I WANTED TO, BUT  
NEVER DID. WANT TO, I MEAN. KNOWING IT WAS THERE,  
HIDING FROM ME, WAS ENOUGH.

IT WAS THE FOURTH WOMAN WHO CHANGED  
EVERYTHING. IN HER COMPANY THE LITTLE WISHBONE V  
TOOK UP RESIDENCE IN MY OWN CHEST AND MADE ITSELF AT  
HOME. IT WAS HER FOREFINGER THAT SCARED ME AND IF IT  
WASN'T FOR THAT LETTER, I'D STILL BE HANGING FROM HER  
APRON STRINGS. SHE HAD NO COMPETITION EXCEPT FOR THE  
HORSES, A MAN'S FOOT AND YCIDRA TREMBLING UNDER MY  
ARM.

GOT THAT?

6.

The actors were nicer than the actresses. At least they called her by her name and didn't mind if their costume was off or a bit stained. The women called her 'girl', as in "Where's the girl?" "Girl, where's my Pond's cleanser?" Plus they had fits if their costumes weren't perfect.

Lily's resentment was mild because seamstress/wardrobe was a financial promotion from cleaning woman and she got to show off the sewing skills her mother had taught her: slip stitch, blanket stitch, chain, back, yo-yo, shank button and flat. In addition, Ray Stone, the director, was polite to her. He produced two sometimes three plays a season at the Skylight Studio and taught acting classes the

rest of the time. So, small and poor as it was, the theater was as busy as a hive all year. In between productions and after classes, the place hummed with intense argument and sweat misted the foreheads of Mr. Stone and his students. Lily thought they were more animated then than on stage. She couldn't help overhearing these quarrels, but she didn't understand anger that wasn't about a scene or how to say some lines. Now that the Skylight was shut, Mr. Stone arrested, and she out of a job it was clear she should have listened closely.

It must have been the play. The one that caused the problem, the picketing, then the visit from two government men in snap brim hats.



*All caps*  
[ Cold. More than that. More than freezing. Korea cold,  
hurting and clinging like glue with no way to peel it back.

Sometimes her hand was wrapped around a piece of  
garbage. Other times just the fingers stretched searching for  
something, anything to digest. Like a tiny starfish—left handed, like *me* *CAPS*  
me. I've watched raccoons more selective when rummaging trash  
cans. She wasn't picky. Anything not metal, glass or paper was  
food to her. She relied not on her eyes, but her fingertips alone to  
identify nourishment. K ration refuse, scraps from packages sent  
with love from Mom full of crumbling cup cakes, fruit. An orange,  
soft now and blackened with rot lies just beyond her fingers. She  
grabs it and is blown away. Only the hand lasts, clutching its  
bounty.

*yum yum*

8.

He held Mike in his arms while he bled and jerked, saying "Stay here, man. Come on. Stay with me." When Mike opened his mouth to speak, Frank leant in close and heard his friend say "I'm a tell Mama." Later when Stuff asked what he said, Frank lied. "He said see ya later." By the time medics got there, the urine on Mike's pants had frozen.

Frank had not been brave before. Now he was reckless, lunatic, firing, dodging the scattered parts of men. The begging, the howling for help he could not hear clearly until a tk plane dropped its load on the enemies' nest. In the post blast silence the screams wafted as though from a pen of lambs smelling their blood-soaked future. Now he was brave, whatever that meant. There were not enough dead gooks or chinks in the world to satisfy him.

9. HER EYES. FLAT, WAITING, ALWAYS WAITING. NOT PATIENT, NOT HOPELESS, BUT SUSPENDED. CEE. YCIDRA. MY SISTER. NOW MY ONLY FAMILY. A SHADOW FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, A PRESENCE MARKING ITS OWN ABSENCE, OR MAYBE MINE. WHO AM I WITHOUT HER—THAT UNDERFED GIRL WITH THE WAITING EYES? HOW SHE TREMBLED WHEN WE HID FROM THE SHOVELS. I COVERED HER FACE, HER EYES, HOPING SHE HAD NOT SEEN THE FOOT POKING OUT OF THE GRAVE.

MY SISTER. MY HISTORY.

SHE WAS THE FIRST PROTECTION I EVER TOOK RESPONSIBILITY FOR. IN HER WAS MY SECRET VISION OF MYSELF CONNECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE HORSES



AND THE BURIAL OF A STRANGER. PROTECTING, FINDING THE  
WAY <sup>out</sup> NOT BEING AFRAID. SUCCEEDING AT THAT WAS THE  
SEED OF ALL THE REST—MANHOOD, COURAGE. IN MY LITTLE  
BOY HEART I KNEW THAT IF THEY FOUND US OR TOUCHED  
HER I WOULD KILL.

10. tk

11. tk

12. tk

13. tk

14.

*changes to  
past  
Tense*

Blood runs down the back of her dress, down her leg. Frank is grateful to be legally relegated to the back of the bus where bench seats allow the two of them space and protect passengers from the sight of a man carrying, dragging, an obviously hurt and drunken woman.

When they exit, Cee's feet don't work at all. Her toes scoot the gravel as the tops of her feet are dragged along. All the way to Miss Ethel Fordham's house, where they mount the porch steps.

*over \** ~~A group of children collect in the yard. At first their eyes are wide~~  
 with concern, <sup>until</sup> ~~then~~ one of them points and laughs. <sup>the paddler</sup> ~~An older girl hits~~  
 him on the head, saying "Shut it!"

A peck basket of green beans rests by a chair. On a small table a bowl and paring knife. Through the screen door he hears singing.

"Miss Ethel? You in there?" Frank hollers, "It's me, Little Money. Miss Ethel?"

The singing stops and Ethel Fordham looks through the screen door, not at him, but at his burden. She frowns. "Ycidra? Oh, girl."

Frank cannot explain and doesn't try to. He helps Miss Ethel get Cee on the bed after which she tells Frank to wait outside. She lifts up Cee's dress and parts her legs.

"Have mercy," she whispers. Then to the lingering Frank, "Go snap those beans. I got work to do."

15.

*A week passes  
works the fields /?*



It was so bright, brighter than he remembered. The sun, having sucked away the blue from the sky, loitered there in a white heaven, menacing Lotus, torturing its landscape, but failing, failing constantly failing to obliterate it: children still laughed, ran, shouted their games; women sang in their back yards while unpinning sheets from the line; occasionally a soprano is joined by a neighboring alto or a tenor just passing by. Frank had not been on this dirt road in tk years, not stepped on the wooden planks covering the rain-washed out places. There were no sidewalks, but every yard was edged with flowers protecting vegetables from disease and predators—marigolds, chrysanthemums, mtk. The sun did its best to burn away the comfort, the relief emanating from shelter; did her best to ruin the pleasure of being among those who do not want to degrade or destroy you. Try as she might, she could not scorch the butterflies away from rose vines, nor choke the songs of birds. Her punishing heat did not interfere with Mr. tk and his nephew sitting in the bed of a truck—the boy on a mouth organ, the man on a six-

string banjo. The nephew's bare feet sway; the uncle's left boot taps out the beat.

This feeling of safety and good will, he knew, was exaggerated, but its pleasure was overwhelming. He convinced himself that somewhere nearby ribs of pork sizzled on a yard grill and inside the house there was potato salad and cole slaw and early mustards too. A pound cake rested on top of the icebox.

Cee was standing at the stove pressing cabbage leaves into a pot of simmering water seasoned with two ham hocks. When Frank entered, he noticed a pile of cloth scraps on the sofa.

"Hey," he said. "Look at you."

"Bad?"

"No. You looking good. Feeling better, right?"

"Oh, much, much better. Hungry? This is just a no count meal. Want me to catch a hen?"

"No. Whatever you cooking is fine."

"I know you liked Mama's fry-pan bread. I'll make some."

"Want me to slice up these tomatoes?"

"Uh huh."

"What's all that stuff on the sofa?"

"Scraps for quilting."

"You ever need a quilt down here in your whole life?"

"No"

"Then why you make them?"

"Visitors buy them."

"What visitors?"

"People over in Jeffrey, Mount Haven. Miss Johnson from Good Shepherd buys them from me and sells them to tourists in Mount Haven."

"Nice."



"More than nice. We got electricity now and it costs money.

An electric fan alone is worth it."

"You could get yourself a refrigerator."

"It's just me here. What I need with a cold box. I can can and anything else I need I go outside and pick, gather or kill it."

"What happened to that place we used to sneak off to?

Where the horses were."

"I heard some folks bought it for a place to play cards. Then they had women in there, then dog fights I heard."

"What did they do with the horses? Anybody know?"

"I don't. Ask Salem. He don't say nothing but he knows everything going on."

Tk

"Cee tells me that place yonder—with the horses—used to be a stud farm out tk way? She says it has dogfights now. That so?"

"Dog fights." Salem covers his mouth to shape the laugh coming out.

"Why you laughing?"

"Dog fights. Pray that was all they done. No. That whole place burned down a while back, thank the sweet Lord."

"You want to know about them dog fights? More like men-treated-like dog fights."

"You didn't see that boy come through here crying? What did he call himself?"

"Jerome."

That's him. He told us they brought him and his daddy from Alabama. Roped up. Made them fight each other. With knives."

"No. Switchblades. Fight each other to the death."

"Boy said they slashed one another a bit—just enough to draw a line of blood, cause the game was set up so only the one left alive won. So one of them had to kill the other."

"Can you beat that? Pitting father against son?"

"He said he told his daddy, "No, Pa. No."

"His daddy told him ' You got to.'"

"Then, when he said no again, his daddy told him 'Obey me, son this one last time. Do it.'"

"And the crowd was going crazier and crazier, shouting 'Stop yapping. Fight! Fight!'"

"And?"

*And*  
"He did it. Come over here crying and told us all about it.

Poor thing. Rose Ellen and Ethel collected some change for him so he could get away. We led him out on a mule. All he won was his life which I doubt was worth much to him after that."



"I don't believe they stopped that mess til Pearl Harbor."

"When was this?"

"When was what?"

"When the son, Jerome, came here."

Long time. Ten years, eleven, I reckon. Say how's your sister?"

"Mendable. She'll be all right."

"She say what happened to my Ford?"