

Character - Lem - Lola - ~~Maryanne~~ - ~~Clare~~ -

Problems - ~~being used~~ - violence - ~~alcoholism~~

(seen to be inserted at middle age - Lem's money grabbing)

Chap. 14  
first draft

As the flurries from the dog fennel drifted away in the swoosh of air from the swerving truck, a rabbit scurried across the sandy, two-pathed road finding safety in the overgrown patch of briars and scrub oaks.

Lola and the other workers tightened their grips on the side of the pick up to keep from being tossed about as the truck continued towards the tobacco patch, ~~maneuvering~~ <sup>steering</sup> carelessly around curves and under branches by the carefree Lem who occasionally glanced back at the passengers to enjoy the discomfort he was causing them. <sup>occasionally</sup>

Familiar with the location of the patch and Lem's game, the women quickly scooted into the floor of the truck to avoid the inevitable impact against each other when the truck braked abruptly according to Lem's plan. Grumbling loudly and gathering their jugs of water, bag lunches, and soda waters, they sullenly lumbered off the back of the truck and out to the field with the exception of Lola who deliberately lagged behind under the pretense of adjusting her bottle in her busom and smoothing the wrinkles from her tattered shirt.

make known resume

With a knowing smirk, Lem casually shut the door of the truck and moved nonchalantly towards Lola at the rear. Feigning surprise she looked up suddenly as he reached her side, hands in his pockets, shifting his weight onto one foot; one gold tooth visible through his usual sardonic grin.

"How you been", he asked.

"I been good. Good," she ~~said~~ <sup>replied</sup>, reiterating the "good" in a secretive manner.

"~~How~~ You been talking again bout us"?

"Sho ain't. Ain't said ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup>", she said, eyes widening. Then pulling her bottom lip out, she shook the can of snuff carefully encrusting her bottom teeth with the brown powder. Replacing the lid, she tucked it back into her botice. A dangerous glint in his eyes

warned her that he knew she was lying as she cleared her throat and again rearranged her torn shirt.

"You got any money?" he asked, gesturing with his head towards her hiding place.

"Sho' do now." <sup>delite</sup> ~~Go~~ <sup>R</sup> Reaching into her busom again, she brought out a Couple ~~full~~ of crumpled BILLS and handed it happily to him.

"~~That's~~ <sup>7</sup> all you got", he asked, unfolding the two one dollar bills and holding them up for her to see.

"Yeh, ~~that's~~ all, but I be getting paid tonight and if'n you need's some ~~more~~, I give it to you."

"O.K., ~~I~~ see you tonight", he said, winking at her in his magical style which promised his affection in exchange for her generosity.

Coyily sniggering behind her hand, she slowly ambled towards the field with high expectations for that Friday night.

*Vague. Be more specific about what is going on*

Working in the fields near Lem was the greatest joy she had ever known. If she ~~enjoyed~~ <sup>enjoyed working in the</sup> fields before, she ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> twice as much ~~love~~ <sup>pleasure</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in her work</sup> ~~them~~ now with Lem nearby. ~~(add another scene here)~~ ~~(Scene with Lem in fields)~~

Lola became the laughing stock of those around her whom she considered her friends but blind <sup>(word)</sup> with love, she continued seeing Lem and giving him her money reserving only enough for food and liquor. <sup>sp.</sup> Lem's wife became increasingly jealous and embittered towards Lola because she had

become a part of the joke. A much younger, prettier woman, in the way that youth is always more appealing, she was constantly ribbed about Lola's preoccupation with Lem. *Back ground on Lem & Alice*

*Nacht*  
*Scene*  
*Freedom*  
*racial situation*

A larger red dress now worn by Lola to the jook; a gift from Miz June last Christmas, when she had helped her and had fallen into a drunken ~~xxxxxxx~~ Stupor on the front porch on Christmas Eve awakening to find Miz June looking through the window at her and ~~staring~~ *apprehensive*. Managing to recover herself and get back to ~~cleaning~~ *scrubbing* the porch, she had almost caught ~~xx~~ a glimpse of herself in her present stage. *(scene on porch)* A close encounter with reality, abandoned in the rountineness of her daily existence.

She had started drinking the moment she  
awoke, taking long sucking <sup>sulphur</sup> sips on the bottle of  
which <sup>improvidently placed</sup> she <sup>resided</sup> her bare mattress. She thought  
about Miz June's ~~disapproval~~ <sup>dislike</sup> disapproval of  
her ~~drunkenness~~ <sup>increasing</sup> drunkenness but justified her actions  
by telling herself that she was celebrating the  
holiday season. Feeling a renewed sense of  
stamina, she heaved her heavy frame to  
an upright position and scanned the sky  
outside her <sup>front</sup> window. Low clouds hung over  
the gray landscape of Seymour, ~~giving the~~ <sup>giving</sup> lending  
an oppressive atmosphere to the ~~humid~~ <sup>unpleasantly warm</sup> day. The  
house ~~then~~ <sup>now</sup> appeared even more gray than usual  
~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~main~~ <sup>white</sup> house, alone,  
offered a break in the bleak neutral spectrum of  
gray hues, reminding Sol that she had best be  
getting on to help Miz June get ready for  
the big day, just as she always had for Christmas  
in the past as long as she could precollet. Fearful  
that ~~she might lose~~ <sup>her</sup> her present heightened  
mood might escape her, she took another ~~sip~~ <sup>swig</sup> from the  
bottle before placing it carefully into her black hand bag  
which she carried along with her on trips to Miz  
June's only, to prevent the tell-tale sign of the  
Green Bottle in her bosom.

Swinging her bag ~~awkwardly~~ <sup>awkwardly</sup>, she made her way  
through the ~~dead~~ <sup>dead</sup> dead grass and ~~moist~~ <sup>moist</sup> patches of moist  
earth stopping for a dip of snuff and another carefully  
concealed drink hidden from view of the white house  
by ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> pocket book.

Placing the pocket book carefully on <sup>one</sup> ~~the~~ front  
porch ~~swing to one~~ <sup>swing</sup> swing, she stilled the  
chain quickly to ensure secrecy, then knocked <sup>with measured accuracy</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup>  
on the front door which Miz June had <sup>indicated</sup> ~~indicated~~ previously  
was an acceptable ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> rear entry. Feeling particularly <sup>conspicuous</sup> ~~conspicuous~~ today,

Adler  
June's only  
Green Bottle

in view of the "peace + ~~peace~~ <sup>concept</sup> ~~idea~~ <sup>(dict)</sup> will to all men" ~~idea~~ <sup>concept</sup>,  
Sola had decided to please Miz June with  
her acceptance of the new standards of  
"pride and self respect" which was often spoken of  
in her company. She ~~had~~ <sup>stood</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the front <sup>because</sup>  
she knew that the porch was to be  
scrubbed and she wanted to be near  
her pocket book in case the need for ~~the~~  
a drink should arise.

Feeling ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~conf~~ <sup>conf</sup> Sola felt completely in control  
of her senses and ~~felt~~ <sup>felt</sup> at ~~compt~~ <sup>compt</sup> ease with  
Miz June as they chatted over coffee at the  
round kitchen table. Usually Sola felt inferior <sup>inhibited in the presence of Miz June</sup>  
but ~~now~~ <sup>she</sup> the whiskey had enhanced her  
ability to communicate with this woman of  
lighter skin. After about 30 minutes of small  
talk Sola's ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> persona <sup>(dict)</sup> began to  
ebb and she on the pretence of "getting a powder"  
for her head <sup>from her purse</sup> she slipped a <sup>few</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>slugs</sup>

~~the~~ for mental stimulation. Sola returned  
to the table discussion and Miz June said,  
"Sola, go to your daughter. Your drinking is  
getting the best of you." The alcohol was beginning  
to make Sola take the opposite effect on Sola  
and she became drowsy and deprecate as she  
listened half heartedly but respectfully to  
Miz June. "Please Sola, go to your daughter.  
I'll take you myself." Sola began to cry,  
at first lightly, then sobbing and sniffing she  
cried harder as she spoke. "I can't leave  
Seymour, Miz June, I love it here. You  
knows dat. Miz June arose and placed an  
arm around the shaking, rigid shoulder.  
"It's o.k., Sola, I understand. You love

this place and it's your home. I won't  
ask you again. Stay if you like."

The conversation ended as Iola scraped  
the wooden chair back from the table <sup>and</sup> <sup>carefully</sup> placed  
rose to do the assigned work, <sup>the conversation</sup> taking on  
a lighter tone as they discussed preparation  
~~for~~ the <sup>comfortable and</sup> familiar ~~subject~~ topic of tasks to  
be performed.

Walking to the "jook" on the hill in the frosty February night,  
(main road now paved)  
Lola observed every detail of her surroundings as if committing it to  
memory for <sup>some unknown reason, the</sup> Dogs barking, <sup>on the street outside</sup> people <sup>arranging</sup> their houses laughing and talking.

The quiet at the cemetery she passed seemed to bear a message <sup>she stopped for a moment to pay tribute to the stillness.</sup>  
The block church door gaped at her like a mouth with the two eye-like  
windows on each side watching her pass.

Nearing her destination, oblivious to the cold, her senses quickened as the beat of the music reverberated through her cold body. Entering in her red dress, she stopped in anticipation, waiting for eyes to turn in her direction. No one looked towards the door or made advances towards her. Then she saw Lem standing with Elsie, his wife, at the bar. Fixing her face with her sauciest expression, she sauntered clumsily forward to stand on the other side of Lem. Grinning at her, then looking back at his furious wife, he picked up his bottle and took a long swig. Maintaining her position, she looked into the threatening eyes of Elsie. The menacing stare should have been a warning to Lola but she felt no fear of the woman as she started to extract some money

from her bosom. The woman mistaking ~~thax~~ Lola's intention for reaching for a weapon, removed a knife from her frizzied hair and quickly, before Lola could catch sight of her moving from Lem's side, she ~~rushed~~ rushed behind Lola enraged and with all her might stabbed Lola. Lola felt the stinging knife enter her back,; surprized and angered, she turned to see Elsie dash from the jook. In slow motion, she looked at the leering, egotistical Lem who simply stared at her. Without reason, she slowly dragged herself to the door, moving one foot and then the other. The cold air made her aware of the wetness of her dress on her back. She bacame colder as she reached the yard, then her legs refused to move as she buckled to the dirt. Only dimly aware of voices around her, she lay on her back, facing the sky in the clear cold night. Blackness was covering more and more stars until finally only one was left; it blurred and then took on the image of Mama clearly holding a bottle, then the bottle turned into a white flower. As the vision faded, she saw the star again regain its brilliance and ~~she finally know what the flower meant~~ She recalled the preachers words at Mama's funeral! "If'n I hed but one cent, I would take haf' uf it an buy hyacinths to feed my soul."

(over)

Cleraly understanding the meaning now, she knew that Mama's hyacinths had been whiskey; Matties, orderliness; Miz Junes, generosity; Zekes, imagery; her daughters, freedom; Lem's, his ego and ~~her's~~ her hyacinths, she realized, was the land and fields of Seymore as the star's brilliance receded forever.

Her body became numb as her mind ~~expressed~~ <sup>focused</sup> ~~on~~ the star. Understanding dawned in the

Her ~~mind~~ <sup>mind</sup> sharpened as ~~she~~ <sup>her eyes</sup> continued to focus on the star and suddenly she clearly understood the meaning of the phrase. Mama's hyacinth was ~~liquor~~ <sup>liquor</sup> had been liquor. ~~her ego~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>through</sup> her blurred ~~vision~~ <sup>vision</sup>, she saw Lem standing over her murmuring something to the buzzing crowd, then ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> regained her focus on the star. Lem's hyacinth she knew was his ego. Zeke's hyacinth was his pride; her daughter's ~~freedom~~ <sup>freedom</sup>; Myra's, generosity; Mattie Loy's, security; and her own hyacinth, she realized, was the ~~field~~ <sup>field</sup> of Seymour. ~~Her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~out spread~~ <sup>out spread</sup> fingers gently carried the dirt ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~brilliance~~ <sup>brilliance</sup> receded forever.

Mabell returns  
to stay  
following her mother's  
footsteps