

(20-years Old - Lola) (boy 7 - girl 8) 1957

Sensing the strange but somehow familiar, Lola emerges to the welcome and yet unwelcome surroundings. Lying on the mattress on the floor, she views her old shanty through different eyes. The wooden ^{knotty} ~~board~~ walls and floors, the sounds of Seymore, a dog barking someplace nearby, the quiet sounds of life from the past. A peaceful calm dulls the pain of her face as anger subsides to be replaced by tranquility.

The sound of a door opening ^{and} then Zeke's voice, "That's ^{there's} your Mamma and ~~there~~ is your younguns", he introduced. Lola sitting now saw the young girl and boy, clean and quiet, standing over her. ~~The~~ An emotion akin to maternalism swept over ^{and} a sense of permanence claimed her as she viewed a part of herself in her children. The girl ^{maternal, obviously named by Mattie} looking so much like her at another time in her life and the boy ^{Zeke's} like both ~~she~~ and Zeke. Shyly the children refrained from speaking to the stranger called Mamma. Mattie Lov was Mammy for them. Lola continued staring at all of them and made no comment. Zeke finally spoke, "You ^{get} up and clean ^{this here} place up, ~~the~~ kids gonna help and ^{this be} where we gonna live." Lola became submissive not so much from fear of being placed alongside Mama but because she was secretly glad to be home again. Home being the fields and woods of Seymore.

As instructed by Zeke, Lola cleaned the house along with the two docile objects of Mattie's affection. The boy, 8, and the girl, 7, capably scrubbed and cleaned, keeping their distance from their newly discovered mother who likewise ignored them casting occasional glances their way. Mattie's careful training was evident with every stroke of the cornshuck scrubber across the floor. Under the close scrutiny of Zeke, another product of Mattie's meticulous training, the house was finally by the end of the day, a suitable dwelling place ^{full}. With her heart singing, Lola's painful face could'n even dampen her spirits as she sprinted about taking every available opportunity to get outside of the house. Drawing water from the caving brick well in the back

Character - Lola - Zeke - Lola's children - Mattie - Mij June
 Problems - reunion with children - Zeke's domineering and Mattie's readjustment

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But the Child, Lola, was replaced now by the woman, Lola, standing face to face in the sooty bahia grass with the fairer woman with whom existed an unspoken commitment extinguishing social and racial barriers between the two.

Unable to bear the lonely existence in the immaculate atmosphere of her own home, Mattie, having sat on the porch disapprovingly observing the happenings of her son's household across the road, finally trudged the short distance to inspect ~~the~~ ^{housekeeping of her} inadequate daughter-in-laws house keeping and also to check on her young ones whom she had reluctantly placed in Zeke's care. Well, she knew before long they would return. That good for nothing gal would'n't hang around long, she scoffed inwardly, as she mounted the rickety but freshly scrubbed steps. Standing for a moment in the open doorway she scrutinized from left to right, unable to find anything definite to criticize. Then she spied Lola, building a fire in the wood stove, filthy and ill kept, looking slightly misplaced in the impecable surroundings. "Evenin'", she said coldly only to make her presence known. Lola looking up to see the hefty figure blocking the door way, evening sun struggling to get around her, casting her shadow on the floor. The two children from their resting places on the mattress hastily approaching her buring themselves in the soft folds of her body, her arms encircling them as if to protect them from the stranger. "How do, came Lola's indifferent reply as she continued the project of fire building

as The fire blazed ~~now~~ heating the stove to the desired temperature for cooking, Lola busied herself with preparing ~~forxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ supper. Mixing hoe cakes then frying them in the black iron frying pay which ~~wxxxxxxx~~ had been her mothers. *off to* frying the fatback pork, burning it slightly, producing a hazy effect in the evening dusk of the room, she heard mattie remark to the children about the inefficient cooking technique. Unconcerned with her mother-in-laws opinion she half listened to the family reunion as she completed the pitiful meal, eating as she cooked. *Down* Walking to the back door, she breathed deeply of the evening air,

enjoying the brief respite from the confinement of the kitchen. The sounds of late evening ~~engulfed~~ ^{awed} her as drawn to the doorsteps she sat alert to every happening in the quarters of Seymore. The tall pine branches and palmetto fronds whispering in the soft summer breeze bade her to walk the trails they had laid with their shed leaves to become part of the soothing sounds of the crickets and frogs. A faraway whipporwill welcomed her back and offered eternal stability.

here Soon Lola could no longer requiet her lust for the fields. Two months had passed since her home coming and the fall season in Seymore made her yearn to be free from the restrictions placed upon her by Zeke, whose resolve ^{had} diminished ^{after} becoming bored with his paternal role as well as Lola's charms. The two children spent most of their waking hours at Mattie's house, which suited Lola fine because nurturing was a role which didn't suit her well any way. Her status as housekeeper dissolved ^{also} as rapidly. Finally her children ventured further and spent the night at Mattie's house. Zeke having failed to come home the second night in a row, Lola, relieved, awake early the next morning and made her way out of her shanty along the dirt road towards the commissary. Passing houses in the early dawn where preparations for breakfast were underway, she caught whifs of coffee perking and bacon frying and quiet sounds of scuffling feet and lowered morning voices getting ready for a new day. Sounds of laughter and loud talking signified the ^{presence of the} waiting field hands on the commissary porch as Lola neared. Joining them, feeling like a bird freed from a cage, their contagious, back-slapping humor made Lola feel she had never been away as they skillfully weaved play into long hours of work.

Church
Bomb in Birmingham
1963
King
D. Johnson
people judge by skin color
skin color

✓ Bell-relationship scene
radio - trying to recall

Lola worked by day and frolicked by night, despite Zeke's obvious disapproval, to "Abe's Place" on the hill she would retreat drowning fatigue in alcohol and dancing to the music of the new juke box. "Abe's" was soon dubbed the "jook", so named for the ^{new} juke box. Still beautiful, Lola enjoyed once more vying for the men's affections. Zeke's jealousy created frequent disturbances but somehow they managed to avoid inflicting permanent ^{physical} damage to each other. Both sharing the same dwelling they still managed to lead separate lives. Lola continued working in the fields during the week and for Miz June on Saturdays and the pattern was set without a verbal agreement between all those involved.