

scheming
rancid lard & piss
& sour dirt
(hunkered down silence)

the Count. His silent, brooding, only the
red coal of his cigar on the porch, till,
"Fresh up!" he said to the yellow ^{light} ~~light~~.
"How you tonight, Brother?" he said.
"Brother," spoke Barn, ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~up~~ ^{up}
the steps of a two step shuffle across the
flared porch and into the house, and the soft
glow of a ~~lamp~~ ^{lamp} ~~thrust~~ ^{thrust} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fire~~ ^{fire}
Good night.

smell of
whiskey

(would tense to show usual outsize)
(her cabin is neat & clean compared to her dingy & junked-up gloomy)

part time

Daly Beck wakes up the next morning
in the snuffy room with the caved fire place
smelling of cold soot, ^{wooden chair} and the mantel with ^{it could have been any war} ~~the~~ ^{World War I.}
picture of Barn in his soldier uniform.

coffee
separ. ^{tin}
standing

Only one chair ^{watching the picture} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~left~~ ^{left} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~room~~ ^{room}
Beck sits ^{before} ~~before~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{fire} ~~fire~~ ^{slow} ~~slow~~ ^{fire} ~~fire~~ ^{like} ~~like~~ ^{rat} ~~rat ^{tail} ~~tail~~ ^{on} ~~on~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{caved} ~~caved~~ ^{hearth} ~~hearth~~.
(Eyes com-whiskey from a ^{cracked white mug} ~~jug~~ ^{for some} ~~cup~~ ^{side})~~~~

Neighbor bingher, bickert stew & fresh ^{black and pink} ~~peas~~ ^{peas}
with lots of liquor and cornbread, and she doesn't eat
and doesn't eat and finally doesn't even ^{pop} ~~stays~~ ^{stays} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~corn~~ ^{corn} ~~bread~~ ^{bread} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~drop~~ ^{drop} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~stuff~~ ^{stuff}.

She looks

One morning she just ^{glances} ~~glances~~ ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{Barn} ~~Barn~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{picture} ~~picture~~
Places ^{her} ~~her ^{snuff} ~~snuff ^{can} ~~can ^{on} ~~on~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{mantle} ~~mantle~~, pulls her cardboard
box ^{under} ~~under~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{great} ~~great ^{bed} ~~bed ^{with} ~~with ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{personal} ~~personal ^{effects} ~~effects~~
prints floor sack frocks ^{white} ~~white~~ ^{puts} ~~puts ^{on} ~~on~~ ^{her} ~~her ^{boots} ~~boots~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{heads} ~~heads~~
up the road ^{part} ~~part~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{quarters} ~~quarters, part
slow ^{where} ~~where~~ ^{she} ~~she ^{catches} ~~catches~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{trainway} ~~trainway~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{Miami} ~~Miami~~ ^{Fla.} ~~Fla. ^{to} ~~to
visit ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{sister} ~~sister~~, Mennie.~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

brown
checked
prints

(detail to designate time) row houses
(describe Miami briefly - - novels
stores

She stays gone for 6 weeks, then one
Saturday at mid day ^{mid summer} ^{while} the whole town of
Comerville is ^{sitting down to dinner} ^{in their plain frame} ^{horses} ^{eat} ^{dinner}
she steps down from the Trailways bus at

Brown
checked
suit case

Hot Walter's store, and with short mincing steps, ^{practically}
in her long ^{print frock} ^{white} ^{penafan} & brown high-top shoes, ^{like an} ^{old wind-up}
she heads up the sidewalk, along the ^{by} ^{passage}
fringe housing fronting 94 to the old school house.

Her face is ^{rough} ^{adult} ^{size}, ^{wrinkled} ^{as} ^{the}
^{crumpled} ^{paper} ^{sack} ^{she} ^{carries} ⁱⁿ ^{her} ^{hand}.
Her nose is like a fist, square in the center of her face,
and her lips ^{are} tight, set against grief. ^{She} ^{is} ^{sure} ^{home} ^{of} ^{it}.
What else can she do? ^{Her} ^{hair} ^{is} ^{pulled} ^{back} ⁱⁿ ^a ^{bun}.

Up the ^{horse} ^{shoe} ^{level} ^{road}, behind the school house, to
the bend where the row houses & the negro quarters
share a patina of rich black earth yards, dogs
barking & children in naked or near naked children
chase, along the back drop of starchy oaks & boys
& black gums. The ^{foxes} ^{on} ^{the} ^{burger} ^{ground} ^{is} ^{locusts} ^{at} ^{noon} ^{day}.

Smaller
textures
etc

On to the straight away of the whole Church
the tiny ^{reput} ^{block} ^{Church} of Christ, where she goes when
she wants to, and then more shanties up to the
corner where at the end she can see the mismatched
boards of her brother ^{of} ^{the} ^{lean} ^{to} ^{with} ^{old} ^{settled} ⁱⁿ
ashes & a buck chimney in his front yard.

~~She~~ ^{The} ^{yellow} ^{car} ^{with} ^{lit} ^{gold} ^{eyes} & a heartface
laughs from the County porch, barking, and
she stops, waits, looks, sets her suitcase & the
paper sack of ^{Florida} ^{orange} ^{crochet} ^{work}
on the spot where her ^{mother} ^{used} ^{to} ^{blow} ^{with} ^{blow}, ^{like} ^{the} ^{color} ^{of} ^{dried} ^{blood}.

(detail what she sees, spoon)

She steps into the ash block the size of her house little cabin & walks over to the fireplace & locates the an edge of the ^{burned} metal frame ^{on the carved heart} with ^{that} used to contain Barn's picture.

yellow dog with heart face & scaly spine

She stam up at the leached blue sky with the white sun center point, ^{like a propped flower} and looks on across the ash to her ^{west} side room frame, steps over the charred hull of a floor joist to the crumbly brick well she shared with her brother all those years.

(He looks fashioned & crossed tobacco sticks)

When ^{her eyes adjust from bright sky to gloomy ash & horizon of the Court} she looks at his house, she sees him ^{standing} in the door ^{of the low} porch: ^{stark} face with pointed chin, ^{my} ^{black} pants bunched at the waist, tall and skummy with a crest of ^{grey} brown hair on top of his broad head. ^(Smoking a hand-rolled cigaret) ^(stuck thumb finger)

"Burnt to the ground, sister," he says. "Weren't a thing I could do about hit." He steps across the porch, to his broken door steps & sits ^{at the} ^{edge of} ^{the} ^{porch} ^{with} ^{his} ^{whipped} ^{tail} ^{and} ^{he} ^{is} ^{smoking}, thumps the cigaret to the dirt where a broken ^{stump} ^{of} ^{your} ^{glitter} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{sun}. Tin can ^{jar} ^{and} ^{an} ^{empty} ^{chair} ^{edge} ^{of} ^{the} ^{house}. Her ^{as} ^{the} ^{dust} ^{black} ^{cast} ^{iron} ^{fire} ^{pan} ^{sits} ^{on} ^{his} ^{porch}.

"Did my derdest to put hit out," he says. She steps ^{up} ^{to} ^{under} ^{the} ^{shade} ^{of} ^{the} porch ^{again}.

He ^{dog} ^{looked} ^{down} ^{with} ^{that} ^{amazing} ^{self} ^{posse} ^{of} ^{the} ^{house} ^{he's} ^{best} ^{known} ^{best} ^{for} ^{except} ^{for} ^{Barn's} ^{driving}, ^{that} ^{is}.

my house?

Finally she speaks. "Your burnt ^{up} ^{my} ^{only} ^{Barn's} ^{picture} ^{of} ^{Barn} didn't you?"

He ^{looked} ^{up} ^{at} ^{her} ^{with} ^{those} ^{nickle-rimmed} ^{green} ^{eyes}. "I haunt done no such a thing." He ^{pointed} ^{to} ^{the} ^{bucket} ^{hanging} ^{by} ^{from} the well ^{teachle}. "See that bucket yonder, I ^{told} ^{hit} ^{back} ^{to} ^{for} ^{upwards} ^{of} ^a ^{hour} ^{try} ^{to} ^{put} ^{hit} ^{out}. Old fat litard 'll burn" he ^{said}.

Past tense

shine
smell

"Well when you set it ^{hit} a fire," she says.
"Aww, Sister, you know me better than that."
He stands, straightening his belt with a hand
hanging and hanging down between his scrawny legs

perfect
for
P

"Was in your way, my home was," she
said, "so you got shed of hit."

"In my way of what?" he says, bowing up
like a rooster.

"Couldn't see no ^{whiskey} revenue coming up the road 's
what," she said. "So you burnt hit to the
ground." She holds up the edge of the frame,

a virulent
infectious

blue ^{virulent} or on water. You burnt up
Darn's picture and it ain't to see you in
jail for hit."

The yellow
dog
dead
wrote
in
pouch

She turns & traipses back to the ^{line} edge
where her yard ^{starts} & his starts.

"Your own baby brother," he calls. "You'd
put your own baby brother in jail ^{over} a picture."

"Darn's picture," she says, ^{and} ^{trailing}
by them the ashtray with her ^{grows} high tops & ^{now} powder
to the stripe my ste and her suit case & ^{gray}
paper pack.

She is still holding the ^{the} edges of metal frame
of ^{fragment} evidence or keep sake, as she
starts ^{down} the ^{the} road.

~~The yellow dog~~ ^{follows her}

The yellow dog ^{follows} her up to the precinct -
(no evidence ^{white} two-story courthouse & plops
belly down ^{with a} ^{groan} on the oak-shaded dirt by the
doorstep ^{with a} ^{groan} & waits while she goes
inside.

Scene King's commissary

She crosses ~~the~~ 129 at ~~the~~ under the pole traffic light in Cornville, set to blink on red, to King's crescent commissary on the corner of 129 & 94.

~~State wine & state~~
~~alt in dia~~

The one-room commissary is dim & cool, coming in out the sun, smells of cotton seed meal and the state water of the ~~state water~~ ^{Red} Coca-Cola box by the open door.

King is ~~standing~~ ^{stapling water bottles in water} ~~around~~ behind the counter on the west side of the store. Bottles rattling hard enough to break. He stops when he sees her floating in her long dress along the case shelves of Vienna sausage & potatoe meat & pea soda crackers.

"You back?" he says. He has the slick clay countenance of the Court, but is is taller than the Court, but neat stouter & meat in starched green tunic. "No ^{homp} ~~homp~~ taste, I see" he says in that muffled voice. He stands with his great hands ^{flat} on the mahogany-
framed counter.

"Red she walks to the counter, frowning. "Reckon ya know Court burnin' up my house?"

"Looks like hit, don't hit, Sister?"

"He done hit," she says. "Burnt up my only picture of Barn!"

"Goon to my house & let Lilly fix ya some dinner."

"Ain't hungry, just mad. Done been to the courthouse to take a warrant out for him."

"What the sheriff say."

She slaps the piece of picture frame on the counter next to a nail with stabled receipts: "Picture frame ^{over} ~~that's~~

how she wants to open door

and no evidence, they say.

"Besides," she adds, "if I put him in jail, you'd just bail him out, cause of that promise you made to Mama on her deathbed."

"Said I'd take care of him, too."

"And you have, Brother, for a fact."

"Worst day of my life was when I made that promise to Mama."

"Well, what's done's done," she says, and starts out.

"Go on over there now to my house and tell — I said to put you up. We got room aplenty."

"An' no place to stay I need right now," she says, and floats out in the dust specks rising in ^{bothered} twilight.

toothless
red gum skin

Of course, the evidence isn't much evidence, and what can you do with a no-account like the Count, ^{the Count?} who got his name that way and who will end up from ^{the school} the very courthouse, where Beck's evidence was determined not-evidence, for to get rid of the land deeds that prove records being passed ^{that his nuncle left} that was acreage of timber land to his ^{brother} brother King, who his mama made promise to look out for the Count when she died.

Burnie old school

~~When school is out~~ ^{she crosses highway to commencing} Beck sits on ^{his} porch with ^{his} wife and watches the school buses pass along the short cut between the quarters & 94. after school.

wants him in jail, then an apology, then admits he did it

"All I want is him to ^{run up to hit} say he's sorry for hit."
Hit ^{is} now the County's biggest crime on record.

here she wants him to run up to hit
yellow dog

rocks back, rocks forward of spits a cord ^{of} snuff to the naked dirt along the ^{block} ^{of} porch. She rocks. "If you're ^{supposed to} hit that ~~the~~ King making 'em up." ^{Beck} ~~Beck~~ ^{do} ~~do~~ ^{down} & expect the Count to say he's sorry. He's done worse in other people's book -- stole, lied, y r - name - it -- hit nut to her. And like King, before, she would take up for her baby brother's.

But from the schoolhouse to the post office to Hoot's store, she stops at home to tell how her own brother burnt her ~~down~~ ~~down~~

"All I want in him to ~~say it in sorry for bring up~~ ^{Back only picture} ~~take up to her~~," Beck tells the postmaster, Miss Cleta, standing in ~~the~~ ^{the} window with her long white fingers interlaced. She has heard this before, lots of before, but ~~not yesterday though~~ ^{not}

"Like I said yesterday, Aunt Becky," says Miss Cleta, "he'll come around." She sorts mail letters, places a stack in the one of the black boxes to her left.

~~"He can't never come around"~~

"He ever say he's sorry for robbing your roll of package twine?" says Beck.

Miss Cleta steps to the window again, ^{glance} ~~fixes~~ her dark black hair, solemn face. "I don't want him to because ^{of his debts, cleared} ~~he'll~~ just come back for something else."

~~"Well, I wouldn't"~~

"Now I got mail to put up," she says. "You run on, Aunt Becky."

Hoot Walters store:

"How't ever say he was sorry for snatching up them ice potatoes ever time he heads out the door?" ~~Beck asks.~~

"No'm," says Hoot, "and I don't want him to say he's sorry, cause when a debt's cleared with that no account, he'll come back for something else."

Flower Sharp:

"No me'ans, can't looky for no're in sorrys out of ~~the~~ scandal -- beg your pardon Ma'am, Run off with ^{one of my} ~~my~~ Fashion & ^{your} ~~your~~ book to give to some woman. A old one, it'd of give to her anyhow." (over)

cemetary

Beck walks ~~west~~ along ~~the~~ shoulder of 94,
about 1/2 mile to ~~the~~ cemetery on the right,
just east of ~~the~~ ^{wooded} Olapaha bridge.
She ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~shown~~ ^{shown} a path ^{like} ~~along~~ ^{the} shoulder of
forked-tip smut grass, and she can pick out
Barn's headstone from ~~the~~ ^{plunged} look alike stones on
the south side ^{with} ~~the~~ green backdrop of holly, bay
and scruboak ^{and} ~~pinet~~ ^{to} river bank. Like the
other ^{near} stones, Barn's is looking a bit moldy
molded.

She trods over the prickly pears & centipede
snaking in sand, and onto the Barn's grave.
With the Mason jar of ^{dead} magenta phlox she picked
last time on her way.

"If I just want him to say 'I'm sorry', ~~isn't it~~
she says to the scabbled over mound of sandy dirt.
"That's all."

Leaving ⁱⁿ her long dress, squat shadow falls
heaping on the mound, she ^{lets} ~~tells~~ Barn how she
needs his picture to remind her of how he looked.
She tells him she's lonesome and she wants to go
home -- not that King & his wife are anything but
kind, but it's not home there, you understand.

In the songing of the wind, she listens for
Barn's words, as always -- sometimes ^{when it's storming} he sounds
~~mean~~ mad at the Court too, but this time he sounds
sweet & mild as he ^{really was} ~~was~~ & tells her in the ~~short~~
the being that she needs to let it go; she has to get
along with the living just as he is getting along
with the dead. Though for a fact, the voice in the
rattle & gleam, sounds like somebody else, or ^{maybe she} ~~she~~
is forgetting how he sounded just as she is forgetting how he looked.

At first she (irony) - at first, she wants him in jail, then to say he is sorry, then just to wrap up to having burned her house. Finally she says she gets to forget him. ^{Irony of her story}

only picture of Barr. (scene post office, school, store, cemetery) but when ~~episodes~~ come again, and the school plays start, only Beck & the yellow dog seen even to remember. Though she carries the vilest incident

fragment of frame comes in her apron pocket, ^{Barr's face} is fading, turns into ^{fragment} ~~the~~ frame ^{in a} ~~to~~ the size of the frame) ^{grow} ~~the~~ rug against the Count turns into ^{grow} ~~the~~ suggest till it is only one more in a ^{growing} ~~series~~ ^{members} of the Count's ~~series~~ (cemetery) ^(see notes) ^{here she wants him to say it is sorry}

"I come to say I forgive you for hit," she says, standing on the ^{ledge where} ~~edge~~ his yard starts.

Only to chimney remains on the blacked spot where her house was, a mere ^{reminder} ~~suggestion~~ of the mantel with ^{the only picture of} ~~the~~ ^{place} ~~to~~ stand.

"You're my own blood brother," she says to the Count on the porch.

The yellow dog slurps on the dirt with a groan.

"I haven't done hit sister," he says and shakes his ^{shaggy} head. "Hit's a known fact, I ~~don't~~ ^{know} ~~it~~ ^{but} I haven't done hit ^{then} ^{time}."

He stands up, speaking loud, ^{hands on his} ~~and~~ ^{hips} ~~cocked~~ ^{his} ~~arm~~ ^{over} ~~the~~ charred spots of her cabin.

"I'll build you another house to prove ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~old~~ ^{one} ~~wasn't~~ ⁱⁿ ~~my~~ ^{way}."

note He build ^{shape} home on Kay's property, north of this.

中國書院
圖書館
電話
地址

By winter ~~with in six weeks~~ he has ^{rigged} ~~hacked~~
 up a ^{rough} shack of stolen boards & 2x4s
 & junk lumber. Looks like an outhouse.
 It stands due north of the site where
 Beck's old house stood, on ~~the~~ property
 belonging to ~~King their brother King~~.
 Langdale company.