

Play up  
Branasallee  
to notice when  
people  
to pull her for  
pulling out in front of them  
longly that cars  
I think she didn't notice all those  
killing looks from drivers whose cars  
she had caused to collide when  
she pulled out in front of them

Minnie & the Gun.

Ran aslee never was what you might call  
"non-violent." After all, on the farm  
up until about 1950, when she went  
away to Fla to work, she would shoot a  
posson caught stealin' her hens chickens  
smack-dab between the eyes; would ~~blast~~ <sup>blast</sup> the  
head <sup>of a</sup> rattlesnake in the <sup>strawberry patch</sup> fence <sup>lower</sup> <sup>wing chicken</sup>  
~~than they already were~~; and when my  
daddy was overseas during World War  
II, she protected my <sup>pregnant</sup> mother & older sister  
from

But after <sup>Branasallee</sup> she retired as a practical nurse  
the Fla East Coast hospital <sup>maybe somebody died from her hand</sup> <sup>in the city where</sup>  
came back to the farmplace, <sup>in the seven</sup> <sup>she can</sup> <sup>to live</sup> <sup>seemed</sup>  
to have learned a thing or two about <sup>more civilized</sup> <sup>better</sup>  
methods of settling disputes & couldn't  
abide a gun. I mean, she might  
not say any thing if she went to your  
house & saw your deer rifle behind the <sup>kitchen</sup> door,  
but she would sneer. Her nose that she



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Drift out a dirty towel or sheet that looked clean, would go straight up in the air at the sight of a ~~gun~~ gun. And God help you if you were guilty of ~~keeping~~ <sup>keeping</sup> a gun on hand for protection. She would down-right laugh in your face.

~~No sooner~~

My grandmother's roomy old farmhouse had long ago been torn down <sup>by my daddy,</sup> <sup>sheart pine</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>lumber</sup> had been recycled into a little white house for my family in Statesville, 2 miles north of the old homeplace. Later still, while my grandmother was in St Augustine, my daddy decided to <sup>bring</sup> ~~move~~ gain on the county, and had moved back out to the farm.

So of course when Gramsallie retired as a nurse, <sup>and she moved back to be near her only</sup> child <sup>who she didn't even like -</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>family</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>had</sup> her new <sup>husband</sup> mobile home been moved in up the lane from our house, then my cousin Minnie <sup>just up the highway</sup> put in for Gramsallie to stay nights with her. Minnie's husband Roy worked nights at ~~the~~ a pulp mill in Chattville, near Valdosta, GA., and Minnie was



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afraid to stay by herself. She had retired  
from teaching school and ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> health was  
poor, and she was nervous about staying alone.

Every evening about dark, Gransallie would  
<sup>be rudely</sup> bundle up her ~~flannel~~ <sup>plum</sup> cotton nightgown, a  
fresh change of cotton drawers & the special  
jar for her false teeth to soak overnight in,  
and off she would go to Mummy's house in  
her new/used green Belair that had been  
wrecked ~~as many times~~ as a bumper car.

Mummy's house was a modern ~~stop~~ <sup>stop</sup> truck  
with 3 bedrooms, but she ~~refused~~ <sup>insisted</sup> ~~that~~  
Gransallie sleep with her.

Gransallie had raised Mummy & her  
brother Wilmar after ~~both~~ <sup>both</sup> their parents had  
died, and Mummy was like a daughter to  
Gransallie. But being as Gransallie was  
never the sentimental sort, and ~~not even~~ <sup>a</sup>  
~~all that~~ realist, she liked to keep some  
distance in relationships. I never saw her  
hug even my daddy.



If Mennie could be termed <sup>med.</sup> sensitive - and <sup>depr.</sup> Gransallie was what might be called insensitive. (4)  
Never have two <sup>people</sup> such <sup>opposite</sup> different temperaments been slept ~~together~~ shared ~~such~~ a bed, & imagine.

~~At the break of dawn~~  
At day break they awoke, Gransallie would be in her car, heading home, which must have insulted Mennie, who liked to linger over coffee with Gransallie & discuss how they slept the night before, what they heard out in the pine woods, how according to Readers Digest, ~~you~~ just there was a lot of meanness out there in the world. Maybe ~~late~~ <sup>have</sup> their morning Bible devotion together.

One week, two weeks, three weeks passed, and then one night Gransallie got up to go to the bathroom ~~across~~ the hall where Mennie kept a light burning from sundown to sun up. Startling ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~back into the bed,~~ Gransallie stumbled on a throw rug in the hallway & fell into the bedroom door, framing it against the wall.

~~Suddenly~~ When she stood again, Mennie was sitting up in the bed with "the biggest" confounded pebble you ever laid eyes on



aimed right at Gransellie.

~~Gransellie, who would go to church every Sunday and who couldn't hold filthy talk, told~~

Knowing my great mother, I doubt she was silent, just kneeling there helpless, like she said at the mercy of Mamma & her gun. ~~But she went home that night~~

~~I never went back to spend another night~~

But she never told, & Mamma never told exactly what was said. And Gransellie stayed home the next & the next night.