

Cold December

wood snake

"That kind of nigger dogs out there is gone so missing if you don't keep 'em at the house,"
"Fester at ya," she said. "Fester how ya talk, Lit Sunday."

"Sudy Monday," he said. "Such a stoned of tripping over them mangy dogs. One took over Monday."

How she slams a pan. "Now hush off ya fuss. You gone wake Tally," "You just nod at them Evelyn."
"Tally," he hollers. "Tally, get on up."

Tally sat up, waiting for Milly to make chase with a rod, to divert him. Then he heard Will's bare feet pounding from the kitchen along the hall & stopping at his door.

"Get on up, boy," Will swung the door wide and propped glaring at Tally with his hand grown out of his eye bed.

Tally stood on the floor & slipped on his blue jeans.

"Put your boots on," said Will. "The dog you're gone get rid of some dogs."

Milly was out back now, shaking dogs in a desperate voice, while Will pounded up the hall to his bedroom, loading the shotgun.

Will was terrified. Much as he missed & paid fun of the quarter's dogs, he didn't want them shot, especially Massy & her puppies -- ~~that a~~ of small black wiggly dogs short haired.

So strange, how Will would ignore Tally for weeks -- be gone & leave him to Mully & P.C. -- then include him on the most bizarre projects. Like punishment. Like taking him to the woods to work, as if it were the start of some new venture) then forget it.

Will braced the shotgun as he started back to the kitchen & Tally thought maybe he'd forgotten to include him again, then shrieked as Will yelled out his name again. Not obeying, not going, never occurred to Tally, who had never been whipped on Sunday.

Will, ~~in the~~ ~~the~~ ~~got~~
By the time he got to the kitchen door, he could see Will tripping across the backyard, coming toward Mully's cabin, to the left, the right & firing a shot. A dog yelped in the backyard. And then Tally saw the red air ~~burst~~ ^{burst} ~~burst~~ ^{burst} toward the dead moon rock patch behind the cabin.

No Mully, no P.C., nobody. Quiet as death in the quarters except for the church bell ringing in the hill across 129.
"Get on out here, boy," hollered Will & he amped across the cold dirt toward the front of Mully's cabin where Mussy was munching popcorn in the ditch near the road.

"Not Missy," squealed Tally and
hopped off the door steps, running behind
Will. I had no time to see the
rifle go up on Will's shoulder & hear the
blast & see Missy turtle & lay on
her side with the puppies scrambling
over her.

"Now," said Will turning to the spot
where Tally had stopped. "Get a crooked
sack & load up them puppies. I want
you to take 'em down to the river &
drop 'em off the bridge, while I go clean
up the rest of the quarters."

Tally stood there, watching Missy & the
puppies.

"You hear?" shouted Will.

Tally turned & headed for the shed behind
the big house with his heart aching.

He knew he would drop them. He'd
sack them up & take them to the other
side of the bridge to the old John Bob
place, but he would drop them.

When he got back to Missy, broadside
in the ditch with blood pumping from her
heart he gathered the squawking puppies
into the sack & set out toward the
road toward the river, with the puppies
squealing.

He could hear shots ringing out all
about the quarters, and with each shot he
jerked & flinched. He'd never hated Will

before, had only disliked him. Now he hated
him. Tally's knee wore gunner, so that he
~~thought~~ he'd mangled his feet could keep
moving along the dead grass shoulder road.
Birds sang. A hawk soared over the road
with a mouse in its beak & lit in
the top of a leafless gum on the left,
watching him.

He set the Halpung to the bridge,
he set the sack on the ground, opened
it & peeped into at the squawking
squawking pussies.

"Here, boy! Somebody called from the
woods on the other side. "Over here."

P.C. showed through the tangle of
woody below some.

Tally turned to look behind him, then
bridged along the deep ditch to P.C.

"He's gone crazy, P.C.", Will said.

"An' I never hear no other way."

"Let it me & you just lay low here till
he sober up."

"But what about the pussies?" said Will,
selling the sack down. A slump.

"Muddy you have a brass if you don't
miss pussies."

"If you're fixing to; it was gone ten
or loose over yonder at the Jah Bet place."

"Then what?" P.C. sank to the dirt with
his hands locked around the top of the sack. "They
disturb the cone or back soft shot."

"He won't shoot in case he sober up," said Tally. "You know that."
"How you gone let 'em know when he sober up?"
Tally sat beside her, listening to the shots over the quarters.

"Mr. Well gone shoot somebody if he don't look out," said P.C.

"He ain't gone shoot nobody," said Tally. "Just my dog."

"Then how come you don't let the rascal's hiding out like this?"

Tally shrugged.

"Cause we don't know."

"So what we gone do?"

"Here set here, 'il reckon, till he overp' it."

"'ud then what?"

"Take Tilly & her puppied so she won't jump on me."

"Why she gone jump on you?"

"Cause 'il tell her to hide out & 'il be going to save them."

"She's the one got him started in the first place. Her family."

"All 'il know, boy, 'il be looking out for P.C."

"'ud 'il be looking out for Tally," said Tally. "Give me that sack."

"What you ainty to do now, boy?" P.C. kept hold of the sack.

"Reckon I'll drown em like he said do."

"No you ain't," said P.C.,

"You can't tell me what to do." Tally jerked the sack.

"OK sir," said P.C. letting go of the sack.

"Go on I drown em, see if it care."

"I ain't to," said Tally, tramping up the ditch with the squawking squawking sack. He stopped at the road & looked back at P.C.,

"Go on," said P.C., "Drown em."

"I am?"

"If any stoppin' you."

"You don't believe I'll do it?"

"I ain't sayin' ya will, I ain't sayin' ya won't."

Tally stomped off.

"But either way ya gone get a whippin'."

~~That's~~

"Who from?"

"You ~~happy~~ if you don't, & Mully if you do."

"Mully ain't gone lay on a hard on me, you SB."

"She don't have to."

Tally walked a piece, ^{stoppin'} "What you mean?"

"That woman just make you miserable."

"Not me she don't."

"Wha hubb I hear you."

Tally turned & tramped down the ditch, dragging his pappies. When he was about eight he'd decided to walk the rim of the old well and she'd

delete
maybe

delete maybe
brought him, afraid to walk to let afraid not
to and she'd stood off moaning & praying &
crying till he scooted down & begged her to
fight. Then she took him to church & had to
use him as an example of the Lord's mercy -
a miracle just being alive. An example.

~~You ain't~~

~~a shot went off in the east, the church
bell gonged, gonged.~~

"You ain't wantin' to ~~be~~ drownd no puppen and
it a Sunday" PC said softly.

Relieved Tally ~~was~~ put down the detent &
cat ~~was~~ beside PC, ~~sliding~~ ^{sliding} him ~~back~~ ^{into} the sack
for the puppen to lick.

If Tally could have had any wish come true, he
would have wished for Christmas every day of
the year. Cold, fogged sunlight and Evelyn
home, will laughing, other intent ~~to~~ ^{at} happy
spatters, he was or not. ~~With~~ ^{With} a prayer & appeal
for everybody in the quarters, even a ~~prayer~~ ^{prayer} for
Tally, who acted as if she'd forgotten her shoelace
loop, whether she had or not.

Rudly-faced & gay, Will presented Tally with
him just what you ~~al~~ ^{al} ² Brown - off-sett
his awkwardness with a lecture about only
the gun which he would take back at
the first ~~sign~~ ^{sign} of neglect.

He would pick up the phone & shrug
& speak & laugh & then look back
& well do say if he saw -- if
he saw that he ~~thinks~~ he'd seen
etc. That sort of thing. Bought
in December. Christmas Day. That
sort of thing. I'd say.

Will sent him out of the store, so that
he could talk to her mama. About what he
like to know. He could ask her but he
couldn't. Wouldn't think to. So much
for that. And then it would be over all
gone to a head. He'd like to know
so he asked him. Asked if he could go, when &
where & what.

Part 1
1950's - 1960's

Moral dilemma
Dated 1950's

Fully shouldered a beam pole & tramped across the raft ~~the~~ lumber from the side of the spea tree to the sun.

I go back to before he ~~was sent to the~~ ~~left town~~ ~~days~~
followed the (protagonist) but might need to rearrange -- boy from fine family gets mixed up with rescals

[Christian family (primitive baptist) & theater family the same when comes to black racial perf. uba)

[Time magazine - people are basically, ~~inately~~ immoral)

[setting for house across tracks on Haylor Road -- he lives in Haylor, son of Lure

-- they put the garts body in a well (unblessed) Ghost town

-- collude ~~with~~ ^{Soydala} ~~boy~~ ^{commissionary - turpentine} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~golden~~ ^{golden} boy -- too much expected of him at home

-- Sugar place -- nothing expected but do my tractor barn

-- Call Mayday ~~with~~ ^{Witthen} ~~product~~ ^{(to keep up with} ~~stone~~ ^{stone} collection -- true to place in Collectiv)

(Lays in her overdose dignity -- "you people" bluffs conjecture about black girl at home -- Querna

talking about Mildred's grandchild -- Sally listens -- (Keep Rodney as Soydala son)

daring shocky, not like bothers working in turpentine woods to work their way up

Lure left them all in woods to let ~~four~~ ^{Billie} ~~lead~~ ^{Pauline}

Dated Que

then the hard way, suffering -
Tally leaves

Find route before starting scene where
boy & Daddy leaves boy in woods for ep to
teach hard lesson

pc brown - name on hall wall

Tally jenny smartmouth Dee Duke

mother character Jack as he

names

Tally (Talmadge) Lewis - (Dah-Dee)

~~Had~~ Evelyn - Gladys

Will Lewis - Louis R.

Ep (last name in collection) Eldridge Davis

P.C. Brown (T.B. Brown)

Milly (~~Margaret~~ Margaret Williams) Ouleya thick grass

Rosevelt son - (rough, come home & wreck town)

Loretta - wife, left child

Rosie (Granddaughter) -- frail girl with hypotonia ²⁰⁰⁴

Don't none of y'all come sneaky with me. El tell my Granma

Other turpentine hands - James Eble, Jane Lawrence, Emma